McKean County Miner.

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COX ELECTED SPEAKER BY THE LEGISLATURE.

John F. Cox of Pittsburg Beats Out Frank B. McClain of Lancaster.

PENROSE NAMED FOR SENATE.

On. Boies Penrose has 177 Votes, Hon. John O. Sheatz 23 for Senator—Cox has 136 and McClain 35 for Speaker—Senate and House Meet on Tuesday and Adjourn Till Jan. 18th, '09.

The expected happened when the Republicans of the legislature on Monday night nominated Hon. Boies Penrose of Philadelphia for United States Senator to succeed himself, Representative John F. Cox of Allegheny county for Speaker of the House and Senator A. E. Sisson of Erie for President pro tem. of the Senate. All of these things were not xpected until Mr. Penrose and his friends went to Harrisburg and took an active part in the proceedings. In fact many in Penrose's own friends thought that he would be defeated, *spakered* the Hon. Mr. Penrose applied the [illegible] Mc Cains in opposition to his wishes that not until they were scarcely discernable to the naked eye.

On Saturday when the members began to gather in the Capitol City it looked very much like the Democratic Mr. McClain for Speaker, but it never was any appreciable move for Mr. Sheatz to defeat Mr. Penrose. As Mr. Penrose had insured the opposition to Mr. McClain it is nothing more than natural that Mr. McClain should espouse the cause of Mr. Sheatz, and therefore when Mr. Penrose and party started things going the Rose of Lancaster was as directly in the path of the "steam roller" as Mr. Sheatz and both went under. From the very start it was evident that Mr. Penrose had a cinch on the senior senatorship and all those who had favorite sons for the junior senatorship, which place will be made vacant early in March by the resignation of Philander C. Knox, lost little or no time in climbing into the band wagon with the crowd.

The House caucus was held early Monday evening and Messrs. McClain and Cox were placed in nomination. The vote showed 136 for Cox and 35 for McClain, and on motion of Mr. McClain the nomination of Mr. Cox for Speaker was made unanimous. Mr. McKean of this county went into the caucus and used his best efforts for the Lancaster candidate, took his defeat bravely and abided by the decision of the caucus.

The caucus of the Senate was held while the House caucus was in session and Mr. Sisson was chosen for President pro tem. without opposition.

The joint caucus of the Senate and House followed and five gentlemen were named for United States Senator. The vote was as follows: Penrose received 177 out of the 204 votes cast in the caucus for Senator. State Treasurer John O. Sheatz received 23, George S. Graham of Philadelphia 1, W. O. Smith of Jefferson 1, and Congressman I. P. Wanger of Montgomery 2 votes. Mr. McKean stood loyally by Mr. Sheatz although he knew he could not win and his friends throughout the county are proud to learn that he entered the caucus and made his fight there as a true Republican always does.

The House and Senate were organized on Tuesday at noon. John F. Cox was elected Speaker of the House and A. E. Sisson President pro tem. of the Senate after the members of both bodies were sworn into office. The message of the Governor was read in both houses. The House and Senate then adjourned to meet again on Monday evening, Jan. 18, during which time the committees and appointees will be selected.

The Democrats in their caucuses selected George M. Dimeling of Clearfield as their candidate for U. S. Senator; Senator E. F. Blewitt of Scranton for President pro tem. of the Senate and Hon. Leopold Fuerth of Wayne county for Speaker of the House.

Hon. Boies Penrose will be elected senior United States Senator on the first ballot when the Legislature convenes on January 18.

Governor Stuart's message shows the finances of the State to be in excellent condition.

The Governor repeats his inaugural recommendation that no money be paid out of the State treasury without a special appropriation. Figures in the message showed that the net amount available for appropriations for the coming two years is $41,283,926.26.

Governor Stuart devotes considerable space to the department of health and good work accomplished by it. It is shown that the State has treated nearly 9,000 indigent consumptives during the past year.

Legislation for improvement in school methods is recommended by the Governor and child labor is given attention. The conservation of forest and other natural resources is urged. Greater facilities for caring for the insane is recommended.

Departmental reports are satisfactory and reference is made to the investigation of the capitol frauds.

Governor Stuart recommends that a commission be appointed to co-operate with like bodies from other States to hold a commemorative celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

New County Officers.

The county officers elected last November were sworn in and took up their duties on Monday last, and are as follows: Sheriff, Wm. H. Morrison; prothonotary, B. F. Starsh; clerk of court, Frank R. Foster; register of wills, John B. Eystmus; recorder of deeds, H. M. Cheney; district attorney, C. B. Mayo; county commissioners, John A. Peterson, A. M. Marsh and John P. Devlin; county auditors, A. A. Abley, A. R. Anderson and A. R. Cory.

John H. Peterson of Bradford was elected president of the board of county commissioners. The commissioners, at a meeting held Monday morning, made the following appointments for the ensuing year: Solicitor, Victor B. Bouton; superintendent of poor farm, J. C. Brennan; county physician, W. A. Osgood; commissioners' clerk, A. B. Weeks; janitor, S. G. Bush; nurse, Catherine O'Neil.

The officers appointed and elected are all first-class men and well qualified to hold the positions they now hold and the Miner begs leave to say in saying that they will conduct the business assigned to them in a reasonably creditable manner.

The outgoing officers have served the people of this county in their different capacities in a manner which reflects credit upon themselves and the positions they have filled, and the Miner, with a host of friends, wishes them the same success in their private vocations that has marked their political careers.

Death of R. G. Terry.

The death of Raymond G. Terry, a well known resident of this place, occurred at the Kane hospital on Sunday, Dec. 27, 1908, at 8 o'clock in the morning. He was taken to Kane Saturday, Dec. 19, suffering with appendicitis and was operated on the following day, very little hopes being given by the physicians for his recovery. He was reported as being a trifle better the following Thursday and his friends here thought he had taken a turn for the better but on Sunday the news came that he had died.

His remains were brought to his home in this place Monday and the funeral was held from the house Tuesday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. W. A. Harris, and the remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Raymond G. Terry was born in Centerville, Allegany Co., N. Y., Aug. 23, 1871. He was an oil well driller by trade and had passed most of his life in McKean county. In 1892 he married Miss Mary E. Pattison. To them were born seven children, three sons and four daughters: Earl, Emmer, Herbert, Beatrice, Bernice, Irani and Helen, who with the sorrowing wife are left to mourn the loss of a kind and loving father and husband.

Good Oil Well Near Smethport.

For the past week there has been considerable excitement among oil men in this vicinity over the drilling in of what promises to be a good oil well on the county farm, adjoining this borough on the southwest, and there is more or less activity in leasing up territory in this vicinity.

The well is owned by a local company and late reports are to the effect that the well will be good for five barrels a day and possibly better. The well was shot yesterday and oil flowed over the top of the derrick.

Ever since the first Haskell well was drilled, near where this last well was drilled in, it has been the opinion of many that a belt of oil run through that section and although several other wells were drilled around the Haskell, No. 1, which has always produced oil, none of them were worth operating, but now it looks as though the right line had been found and a good territory may be opened up.

Olean Brewery Burns.

The most disastrous fire that has visited Olean in some time occurred Friday night at the Dotterweich Brewery. The fire wat first discovered about 8:45, when flames were seen coming from the windows on the third floor. The third and fourth stories were entirely destroyed, in which were located the grinding and hop rooms. The origin of the fire is thought to have been spontaneous combustion, causing a loss of about $30,000, which is covered by insurance. The fire was confined to the four story brick structure by the hard working firemen.

WANTED—Good reliable man to run farm by month. JAS. QUIRE.

J. W. BOUTON IS NAMED FOR SUPREME COURT.

At a Meeting of the McKean County Bar Association.

WOULD MAKE EXCELLENT JUDGE.

Resolutions Adopted Endorsing the Judge's Candidacy and Pledging Hearty Support—His Chances are Considered Good.

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton of Smethport, president judge of this judicial district, is being boomed by his many friends throughout this section of the state for a seat on the Supreme court bench.

At a meeting of the McKean County Bar Association held at Bradford on Thursday last, in the office of Hon. W. E. Burdick an endorsement of the Judge's candidacy was set forth in suitable terms and it was the expressed belief of those in attendance that Judge Bouton's chances of election are good.

Mr. Burdick was chairman of the meeting and Fred S. Gallup acted as secretary. Messrs. Burdick, Gallup and Stone were appointed a committee to present the candidacy of Judge Bouton. There was much enthusiasm at the meeting. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The official term of the present distinguished Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania will expire in about a year and in the meantime the people of the Commonwealth will be called upon to discharge an important duty of nominating and electing a candidate to fill the vacancy thus caused, and

Whereas, Since the lamented death of the former Chief Justice McCollum in 1904, no member of the Supreme bench chosen from either of the forty-seven contiguous counties extending north of Dauphin and Lancaster, and comprising in area more than two-thirds of the Commonwealth, has shared in the deliberations of the high tribunal, and

Whereas, Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, who came to the bench of the 48th Judicial District in 1903, gained by well earned eminence at the bar, has so administered his judicial office, not only in the courts in this district, but elsewhere in several counties where he has presided, as to win distinction for his learning and ability, his high character and his superior personal qualities, as well as for the familiarity with the application of legal principles in the determination of questions arising from the particular and important industries of this quarter of the State and point to him as a jurist in the full vigor of years and health, ripe with experience and qualified by intellectual endowment, who, if elevated to the Supreme bench, will meet the test of its high demands with credit to the Commonwealth.

Be it therefore, Resolved, That we, his professional brethern, members of the Bar Association of McKean county, unite in earnestly commending to the Hon. Republican State Convention the nomination of Honorable Joseph W. Bouton to the office of Justice of the Supreme Court, and pledge to his nomination our active personal support.

Accidentally Killed at Olean.

A dispatch from Olean dated Jan. 5, says: "Henry L. Mackey, 35 years old, a well known resident of this place, was accidentally killed this afternoon. He was in the office of the Adams Express company at the Pennsylvania depot, when Charles Calkins, agent of the company was examining two revolvers that had been turned in by messengers to be exchanged for new ones. One of the guns was in Calkins' hands when, in some unaccountable manner, it was discharged. A bullet of large calibre inflicted a horrible wound in the left side of Mackey's abdomen. The injured man sank to the floor in death agony. He died in about 10 minutes.

"When Calkins realized what had occurred he was nearly bereft of reason so great was his grief over the tragic occurrence. He at once gave himself up to the local police, but was not held. He was permitted to go on his own recognizance, the fact being known that the killing of Mackey was purely accidental and unintended.

"Mackey is survived by a widow and two children. He was an agent of the express company located at the depot office. Calkins was general local agent with headquarters at an uptown office."

Charles Calkins, who did the shooting, is a son of the late Charles Calkins of East Smethport and is well known here. He is a man whose character is above reproach.

Always have Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup handy, especially for the children. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It cures the cold by gently moving the bowels through its laxative principle, and at the same time it is soothing for throat irritation, thereby stopping the cough. There is nothing as good. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

A Ghost Firebug.

Tuesday's Bradford Era says: James Henry Simons, a young man employed in the Arcade Fish Market, called on the Era last evening and told of a mysterious fire which he said took place at his parents' home, No. 155½ Pleasant street yesterday afternoon. The fire, he stated, burned through the partition of a room which he had formerly occupied, upstairs, at the family residence. And after it had reached to the ceiling the fire extinguished itself.

"Nobody was in the room when the fire started," he said, "and nobody was there when it ceased to burn. The room had not been occupied for some time. My mother was out of the house when the fire occurred. Nobody was upstairs at the time. But my seven-year-old sister, flowerstairs, received a sharp tap on the head. Of course, I don't say what it was that hit her, but she felt the tap. She saw no one. When my mother came in she detected the odor of smoke and at first paid no attention to it—thinking it was smoke from a fire of mysterious origin that started and went out of its own accord, on Sunday. Later however, she went upstairs and saw what had been burned. The fire started on the wall, where a calendar hung and extended to the ceiling, burning through a partition consisting of boards. Why it should start at the calendar and why it went out as it did I don't know.

"There have been some queer occurrences at that house. On Sunday, as I have said, a small loss was noted, but the flame did no further damage. A short time ago a little niece of mine died and my mother was warned before the occurrence by three distinct taps [illegible] and by the crying of a dog. Snow had recently fallen and when the door was opened there were no tracks to indicate that anybody had been there to do the knocking.

"Only this evening there were sounds in the house that startled the family and caused the children to cry.

"Mr. Simons stated that neither he nor any member of the family belonged to any Spiritualistic circle. They are not Spiritualists, but members of the Wesleyan Methodist church.

He invited the fullest investigation of his story.

Travellers' Club at Home.

Many friends called at the new home of the Travellers' Club on New Year's day and all were surprised and pleased to note the cosy, comfortable quarters afforded by the club house. The rooms were cheerfully decorated in holiday greens and red. There are many interesting pictures on the walls. A clock room has been fitted with hooks for hanging wraps, and a handsome square piano adds to the appearance of the rooms. The use of this piano has been kindly offered the Club by Mrs. Wells, who in return uses it one day each week for her classes.

The guests were received in the front parlor by Mesdames T. A. Morrison, Chas. McKean, B. F. Wright and Miss Scull. Refreshments were served in the dining room. The ladies assisting were, Mesdames James McKean, D. L. Forsythe, S. E. Bell, R. C. Gleason, J. Scott Walker, L. K. Hogarth, and Misses Allen, Trotton and Pattison. The pleasure of the day was greatly enhanced by the charming vocal and instrumental music rendered by Mrs. Walker, Miss Masser, Leona Hogarth and Allen Morrison.

At the regular meeting of the club on Saturday it was decided that the sixteenth anniversary of the club should be celebrated on January thirtieth and that friends should be invited to be present to hear the ladies tell the stories of how each one earned two dollars as a birthday gift to the club house fund.

The president requested the civic committee to prepare themselves for needful work such as is being accomplished by progressive and up-to-date civic societies all over the world.

Swedish Americans Meet.

The Swedish American League of McKean County held its annual meeting at the St. James Hotel, Bradford, on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The delegates present represented about 900 voters.

Oscar Engstrom officiated as chairman of the meeting, and when the roll was called, 48 responded to their names.

Officers were elected as follows: President, O. A. Erickson of Kane; vice president, Fred Landon of Bradford; secretary, Carl Engstrom of Kane; treasurer, A. J. Nordstrom of Port Allegany.

The executive committee named is as follows: Kane, Andrew Anderson; Bradford, N. P. Nelson; Ludlow, John Larson; Smethport, A. Swanson; Mc. Jewett, Charles Lundeen; Clermont, Albert Anderson.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

200,000 LIVES LOST IN AWFUL EARTHQUAKE.

Terrible Catastrophe in Italy on Monday, December 28.

SURVIVORS IN SERIOUS CONDITION

Exact Number of Dead Will Never be Known—Survivors Driven Mad by Sufferings of Others and Hunger—Millions Contributed Throughout the Civilized World—Americans Perish.

Probably the worst catastrophe that ever occurred in the History of the world was the earthquake and tidal wave which destroyed Messina and a number of smaller cities and towns near Mt. Etna, Italy, on the morning of Monday, Dec. 28, 1908.

It is estimated that nearly if not fully 200,000 people lost their lives, but such is the nature of this terrible disaster that it is impossible to get even a conservative estimate of the number of fatalities and nothing like the exact number of dead will ever be known.

In 30 seconds Italy lost more of her children, than did Russia in a whole year of her war with Japan, which was the most sanguinary in history. It seems certain that all the small towns and villages that dotted the shore and hills near Reggio have been almost entirely destroyed; Messina, 150,000; Reggio, 60,000; Lazzaro, 4,000; Scylla, 4,000 Bagnara, 10,000; Villa San Giovanni, 12,000 and Palmi, 15,000. Inland towns and villages too have suffered enormously.

The Strait of Messina has indeed become the centre of the catastrophe which spread to the right and left overwhelming cities and killing thousands upon thousands.

The Lapari Islands, a group of volcanic islands in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Sicily, have disappeared. The total population of the group numbers 28,000 and all must inevitably have perished.

Immediately following the destruction of the cities and towns by the earthquake, fire broke out in the ruins and thousands of injured beings, pinned beneath the wreckage, were slowly roasted to death or suffocated by the smoke and stench of their roasting companions.

In the streets among the wounded and blackened ruins where the dead lie thick amid stones and mortar the inhabitants, driven insane by their loss of relations and friends and terrible suffering, fight like demons for scraps of food. The sight of a loaf of bread or a bag of beans is all that is necessary to set the poor creatures tearing at each other's throats like hungry wolves. Might makes right and the weaker perish because they have not the strength to fight for food. The streets of Messina and Reggio are in absolute darkness at night, and this is taken advantage of by thieves and murderers who loot and kill undisturbed.

The major portion of the dead and wounded are Italians, but every civilized nation in the world is represented. Casper Crowninshield, United States consul at Naples, in a cablegram to the State Department at Washington, says that a messenger from the Messina consulate arrived at Naples badly wounded. He reports that Consul Arthur S. Cheney and wife and Pierce and Lupton are dead.

Every nation of the world is raising funds for the relief of the sufferers and millions of dollars and many shiploads of provisions and clothing have been sent to the stricken district. The United States supply ship Celtic, which was to have met the returning battleship fleet with holiday cheer, has gone with $1,500,000 of navy rations to the earthquake sufferers. And the battleship fleet has also been sent with instructions to render all the aid possible. The Navy Department takes full responsibility for this sudden gift of supplies belonging to the United States government to the Italians without warrant of law. It probably relies upon Congress to approve of its action, but the expectation is that Congress will be only too well pleased at this evidence of American pluck and of the "get there" qualities of the American navy.

To the terrifying spectacle of death, caused by the earthquake and starvation, has been added the fear of a spread of pestilence. In the ruins of Messina, Reggio and various towns in Sicily and Calabria lie the bodies of the dead which it has been impossible to extricate. Fire and quicklime is being used, but the number of men is not adequate to do the work. It is said that an army of at least 25,000 men is needed.

A young doctor named Rossi, at Messina, gave a vivid account of his experiences. His escape was miraculous, and by his calmness and energy he was able to rescue others from imminent death. The doctor was preparing to leave Messina by an early train Monday morning, the day of the disaster.

"Suddenly the profound silence was broken by an extraordinary noise like the bursting of a thousand bombs," he says. "This was followed by a rushing and torrential rain. Then I heard a sinister whistling sound that I can liken to a thousand red hot irons hissing in water. Suddenly there came violent rythmic movements of the earth, and the crushing down of nearby walls made me realize the awful fact of the earthquake. Falling glass, bursting roofs and a thick cloud of dust added to the horror of the situation, while the extraordinary double movement, rising and falling at the same time, crumbled walls and imperiled life.

"I rushed into the room where were my mother and sister and with a rope which, fortunately, I had with me I succeeded in rescuing them. I was also successful in getting out of the house a number of other persons who had given themselves up for lost. Then some soldiers came and helped me, and together we dragged forth several women and children from the tottering walls of a half destroyed palace near by. A few seconds later this building was entirely demolished.

"There were scenes of indescribable horror in the streets and squares through which my party made its way."

Many Italians in Bradford and nearby towns came from Calabria and some of them are from the towns where the loss of life is great. They have received no word from home, and their anxiety is great.

Taking the Place of Bear.

Wild pig hunting is the latest sport to be enjoyed by Potter county hunters who visit the Cherry Springs section. The pigs are said to be as wild as deer, and very hard to find. Since lumbering began in that vicinity the jobbers have lost a number of pigs which wandered away in the woods and were unable to find their way back to the premises of their owners. Their number has greatly increased until at present there are many in the woods.—Ex.

The above little squib which is now going the rounds of the press, probably originated in the mind of some tired hunter who sat beside the big hot stove at Al Bennett's hotel after a bear chase with those new bear dogs. But it is a fact that the country over around Cherry Springs is pretty well filled up with "wild hogs" every spring, when they come in from adjacent counties to catch the trout.—Austin Autograph.

Grange Elects Officers.

At the last meeting of the Fidelity Grange held Dec. 19, the following officers were elected: Master, F. A. Gallup; Overseer, Mrs. F. B Hogarth; Lecturer, Mrs. F. A. Gallup; Steward, J. C. Witt; Ass't Steward, Geo. McGowan; Chaplain, Mrs. F. E. Ormsby; Treasurer, A. A. Abley; Secretary, O. D. Nourse; Gate Keeper, Russel Abley; Ceres, Mrs. T. A. Burdick; Pomona, Mrs. J. C. Stull; Flora, Mrs. N. U. Hyde; L. A. Steward, Mrs. Cassia Sawyer; Organist, Mrs. Wade Burdick.

Children's Society Elects Officers.

The Local Advisory Board of the Children's Home Society of Pennsylvania is as follows: President, F. B. Gallup; vice president, Mrs. T. A. Morrison; treasurer, F. W. Brownell; Secretary, Mrs. E. A. Studholme; legal advisor, Victor B. Bouton; medical examiner, Dr. John Clark; executive board, Mrs. John Forrest, Mrs. J. A. McKean, Mrs. M. E. Richmond, Mrs. B. F. Wright, Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

For further information inquire of any member of the Board.

Great Music Offer.

Send us the names of three or more performers on the Piano or Organ and twenty-five cents in silver or postage and we will mail you postpaid our latest Popular Music Roll containing 16 pages full Sheet Music, consisting of popular Songs, Marches and Waltzes arranged for the Piano or Organ, including Rud. Knauer's famous "Flight of the Butterflies," "March Manila" and the latest popular song, "The Girl I've Seen."

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Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

The Edinboro State Normal School is commended by County and City Superintendents also by Principals of High Schools for its efficient work. Winter term opens Jan. 4, 1909. Send for catalog at once.

John F. Bigler, Prin.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Their Prettiest Girl.

BY HENRY BERLINGHOFF.

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It was Ned Bellingham who discovered the girl across the way. Crosby Maurer hooted at the suggestion that she was the daintiest and most wholly lovable young woman on the globe.

Ned retorted with some heat, and the result was that then and there the domestic partnership was threatened with dissolution.

It was the first time since they had set up housekeeping in a bachelor apartment three years before that they had had a disagreement.

Maurer had flung himself out of the room with never a goodby, and Ned had sat himself down at his drawing board to make the girl across the way the central figure in a set of illustrations he was doing for a story, blissfully ignoring the fact that the author's heroine was tall, above the ordinary, a fair haired goddess of the Norseland, while the girl across the way was petite and decidedly dark.

Maurer did not return to dress for dinner, and Ned was fast asleep by the time he did come in. There was no reopening of the discussion, and in the morning the clash of the day before was tacitly ignored.

More than a week passed and the cloud had blown away when Maurer, waiting for his breakfast to be sent up from the restaurant in the building, approached the window and gave a low whistle of surprise.

"You're right, old man," he cried, "and I'll eat all the humble pie you care to feed me. That girl is a goddess in miniature."

Ned turned to the window, a pleased smile of triumph on his face. But the smile faded when he looked closely.

"It's awfully good of you to say so, old chap," he said gratefully, "but I'll eat that pie myself. Funny I should have thought her such a stunner. She's nice at better but nothing like the goddess I've been painting."

"Don't you think she's beautiful?" asked Maurer, flushing. "You're an artist. You must see that she's one woman in a thousand."

"Do you mean to be humiliated?" Ned wondered, not knowing what "you" were saying. "Funny that you should think so. I usually value taste [illegible]

[illegible] Of course it's good, of course [illegible] that that girl is a beauty and [illegible]

"Nonsense," said Ned. "She's good looking, but not, goddess. There are hundreds like her."

Maurer, seized a book of inflatable sword, upon his head and silently made [illegible] where the breakfast now was [illegible].

The meal was cut [illegible] silence, and for a second time within ten days Maurer departed for his office without the "good luck in your work, old man," which startled Ned on his drawings in proper humor with himself.

Instead of going to his drawing board Ned went to the window, and for a long half hour he studied the dainty figure sewing by the window across the street.

He turned away with a sigh, then regarded the half completed sketch tacked to his drawing board. It was a remarkably good likeness of the girl opposite, but, kneading his rubber afresh, Ned started to efface the figure with another sketch for his lost ideal.

He took a melancholy pleasure in drawing in a girl who was tall and plump and whose hair glinted yellow against a crimson curtain. This was to be the frontispiece of a magazine, and he had wondered the afternoon before if the girl would see it and recognize her likeness. He had drawn nothing else but pictures of her since that first morning, and now he wondered how he had ever been such a fool.

That evening Maurer smoked his pipe in front of the window where he could watch his new divinity, and Ned, to avoid further ruptures, clapped on his hat and went out for a street car ride, a form of amusement he detested, but which was better than watching Maurer make a fool of himself.

Ever since he had come to the city he and Crosby Maurer had been the firmest of friends. For three years they had lived together in the little four room apartment that had become a real home to them, and so closely had they studied each other's peculiarities there were none of the outbreaks of ill humor that had spoiled many such arrangements. This was the first time that there had come a real clash, and Bellingham felt it keenly.

In time the edge of the trouble wore away, but there was no real resumption of the old friendship. Maurer was still too hurt to forget all that had been said in the heat of passion, though he had forgotten the things he had said to Ned at the first disagreement.

While there was a careful observance of the old forms, back of them was lacking the real regard that had made them something more than forms.

Vainly Ned sought to overcome his reversal of opinion, but it was nearly two weeks before he could change. Then as he was dressing one morning he chanced to glance through the half opened shutters, and a moment later he was in his friend's room.

"You wish?" he cried with such abruptness that Maurer, in himself with the razor he was using. "That girl is a rarity beauty. Maurie, I envy that I should have taken that dislike to her. But she's [illegible] that you say she is."

"And that isn't much," was the reply in cold contempt. "Funny I should have raved about her. She looks like a chorus girl. It was a shock when I saw her this morning."

"Are you crazy?" stormed Ned angrily, "she's the dainties little woman the world can show. She's better looking and sweeter than I thought she was at first."

"She's a tricky sort of young person," observed Maurer calmly. "One day she looks like the real thing, and then again she looks utterly commonplace. Funny you can only rave about her on one of her uninteresting days. I suppose that from now on you'll be drawing brunette dwarfs, no matter what sort of heroines the author likes. You'll lose your pull with the publishers if you keep that sort of thing up. Better see a doctor about it."

"You'd better see an oculist yourself if your eyes are so dull to real loveliness," retorted Ned. "When you have finished your breakfast let me know and I'll come and get mine. The lease here runs out at the end of this month. I guess I won't renew my share, Maurer. Better get some one else."

"Think I'll move, too," assented Maurer. "I don't want to stay here with a female freak like that living across the way. I'll stop at the office on the way out and tell them to look for another tenant."

He went out to a lonely breakfast, and when he had gone Bellington came out to play with the cold chops and the lukewarm coffee. He did not go to the drawing board in spite of the splendid inspiration of the girl across the way.

He was tremendously fond of Maurer, and this abrupt termination of their friendship, coming as it had, unsettled him for work. He could only puff at his pipe and wonder what it would be like to set up housekeeping alone in a smaller apartment. He would take an apartment in the same house to be near the girl, but he would need only one room.

Maurer paid the larger share of the joint rental. He was making more money and insisted that he would pay as much were he alone. Ned had appreciated his kindness, and when he did not look at the girl he reproached himself for his new investigation.

But when he saw the little brown head and the delicate profile through the window opposite he told himself that an unseeing brute like Maurer did not deserve sympathy.

The luncheon came up and was sent back untasted, and the afternoon shadows found him [illegible] and still Ned sat and studied and thought.

The girl was gone now, but he was still happy that she was there, and he was so absorbed with his thoughts that he did not hear the key turn in the lock, and not until Maurer burst in with a whoop that rattled the shades on the electric globes did he rouse himself.

"We're both right, old man!" shouted Maurer as he dragged Ned from his chair and forced him to perform some in an impromptu war dance about the tiny parlor. "The prettiest girl in the world lives across the way, but your prettiest girl is not my prettiest girl, thank heaven! There are" [illegible] "and mine at least they're going to be young and mine, I hope."

He sank into a chair.

"Pat Riley cares of Gordon's client while he's in Europe, and I, Mrs. Foster sent for me today to consult about some real estate deal. That's where my prettiest girl won't. They're twins, Alice and Phoebe Bayard, and they're Mrs. Foster's nieces. She's an invalid, and they take turns living with her. She says it's too much of a strain to have both their at once and to try to tell which is which. That's why sometimes it was my prettiest girl and sometimes it was the one you liked. We made the mistake of thinking that there was only one. The old lady's going to Europe with a trained nurse for hoops. It's a good thing that we gave up this apartment. We'll need two, and they won't be in bachelor halls either."

Ned grasped his friend's hand in his own. "There's only one prettiest girl," he declared, "but yours isn't commonplace." And with that concession Maurer was content.

Slang That Isn't Slang.

"We are so used to slang," said the woman who reads, "that we have fallen into the habit of including in that category almost every unusual word or phrase—for example, the verb 'to faze,' which means to battle, to confuse, to perplex. That word is misspelled variously phase, phaze, pheaze and feaze. It is not slang, and any woman may use it without fear, for it is as good English as any other in the language. Shakespeare employs it, spelling it 'faze,' as it should be spelled. Then there is the phrase 'the dowd,' which almost everybody regards as slang when used in the sense of surrender to obstacles or fatigue. It, too, is not slang.

"We have for it no less an authority than Thomas a Kempis, who certainly cannot be considered an imitator of George Ade. That eminent writer says: 'Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility, for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible. It is therefore able to undertake all things, and it completes many things and warrants them to take effect where he who does not love would lie down and faint.' He undoubtedly uses the expression as meaning to give up in the face of difficulties. We better not to class a word or phrase as slang unless one is sure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Knew Them at Once.

The vicar appointed to a living in an old English village was anxious to restore his church. On either side of the porch were grotesque, not to say hideous, faces that had become almost hidden. The vicar had these obscure faces worked up until their features were made distinct. Then he took a very old lady of the parish to see them and jokingly asked if she could tell him who they were. "Why, bless my heart, sir," said she, peering at the old criminals, "it's you and your good lady!"

Dignity of the English Waiter.

The English hotel waiter belongs to a race which is slowly but surely becoming extinct and carries about him the melancholy aura of the doomed. Every head waiter at a British inn has in him at least the making of a duke's butler. No glimpse of a duke incurs the perfection of his monumental manner, and if at the last he condescends to accept your vail it is with something of the air of a discrowned king.—London Sketch.

Where Women Are Wanted.

What strikes you about Auckland is the dearth of women. It is said to be the same all over New Zealand. There are far more men [illegible] women, and lots of men have to go without wives.—New Zealand Herald.

Catching a Tartar.

A Pennsylvania trout fisherman had an adventure which is a warning to thoughtless persons. He was in his boat casting his flies, when he saw something swimming across the creek several pools up stream. He thought it was a mink, but when it got within a couple of yards he saw it was a wildcat. Without stopping to think he cast his line toward the animal and the next instant regretted his hasty action. The hook caught in the cat's ears, and it promptly turned and swam toward the boat. He paddled away, but the cat overtook the boat and proceeded to climb in. The fisherman knocked the animal on the head with the paddle, and the movement capsized the boat. Then there was a fight in the water, and the fisherman defended himself so well with the paddle that he was able to reach the shore. The wildcat followed, but a few well directed blows finished it. There was a two dollar bounty on the animal, but as the fisherman lost all his fishing tackle and had his clothing badly torn he thinks he had the worst of the bargain. At any rate, he will never again fish for a wildcat.

Philadelphia Flier of 1737.

"In these days of fast trains we can hardly conceive how the newspaper announcement made March 10, 1737, that a rider would begin flying on 3d April to perform the journey between New York and Philadelphia in one day could have created a great sensation—even in Philadelphia. Eighty miles in four or five hours does not seem to us such breathless speed, but when we read in the same paper that in order to accomplish this feat 'John Butler, with his waggon must needs set out from the sign of the Death of the Fox at daybreak and drive at top speed, the horses being changed at such stages over the coach stops, looking to meet the ferry of Rabbi Fliz [illegible] which delivers passengers in New York by night.'

"We can make stand that for those [illegible] times this was indeed [illegible] long going. This, at least, was the opinion of a traveler who performed this journey in 1797, for he writes home: 'And if any one wishes to travel more quickly he has to go to Kentucky and change a streak of lightning.'"

The Dazzling Searchlight.

On a dark night or war ship would be safe from torpedo attack but for the searchlight. This ray moon lights up a [illegible] that it can be [illegible] at which nearly a mile away. It [illegible] the same illuminations with the most powerful artificial light, except [illegible] of [illegible] candle power placed three [illegible] of candles [illegible] and [illegible] would be needed in the mile of mirrors were not [illegible]. But with this [illegible] and all its [illegible] advantages it is possible to surpass the moon. Searchlights are now made which throw light a distance of sixty-three miles, but objects can be seen only a few miles from the source of the light. The effect on the enemy is most demoralizing. When the bright beam is suddenly thrown on the eye the pupil contracts violently; when the beam is removed the eye can see nothing. If this is repeated a few times it takes all the nerve out of a man, so that only the best trained and most courageous can continue the attack.—London Answers.

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are now under way, at Buffalo's big popular department store, with the most lavish displays since this business began! **Mountains of Fresh, Dainty Muslin Underwear**—made under conditions of absolute purity—**White Hills of Linens, Cottons, Lace Curtains**—White Silks, Embroideries, Laces, Long Cloths, White Dress Goods—every kind of White Fabric—in plenteous assortment and **the lowest prices in 10 years!**

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in a satisfactory manner.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in freshened comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Slim Women of Hungary.

The women of Hungary regard a small waist as the greatest possible beauty, and they will endure anything in order to put on an appearance of being small waisted. Tight lacing is carried on to an extraordinary extent, and the waist is compressed by force until one would think that the owner could hardly breathe. Yet in this confined state the women will plunge into the wildest of Hungarian dances, known as the czardas, and prance frantically like ballet dancers until at the end they sink, gasping, exhausted and well nigh suffocated, on a sofa. As they grow older most of these slim beauties become enormously stout, and then they are regarded as quite old. The Hungarians, though they resemble the Turks in many ways, have not the Turkish admiration for fat women or the English admiration for elderly made up belles. Hungary is a land of slim young women, and when they lose their figure they lose their attractiveness and their power.—Modern Society.

"Times Is Changed."

"Yes, siree, Bill; times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin'," said Adoniram Clover, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spell."

"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal thought she was doin' mighty well if her fathern-in-law bought her 10 cents worth of peppermints once in a while; an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at forty cents a pound. My son Si tuk his darksy-daddle to the band concert in town yistiday, an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me for time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away nowadays. I tell ye times is changed mightily since we was boys, an' the Lawd only knows what the end will be with a feller payin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day?"—St. Louis Republic.

The Innocent Young Thing.

The manufacturer of a moving picture machine was explaining to a group of acquaintances how he had obtained a series of pictures showing a celebrated massacre that had once taken place at a western army post in the days when Indian warfare was a horrible reality instead of an exhibit on a Broadway stage.

"The commander of the post," he said, "had a detachment of soldiers and another of Indians re-enact the scene for us, dressed exactly as in the old days, so our machines could secure every detail—the onslaught of the Indians, the defense by the white soldiers, their massacre and the destruction of the fort."

"It may be very interesting," said the kindly citizen, "but I should not care to see it in even a picture."

The sweet young thing listened with wide eyes.

"And did they really kill the white soldiers for you?" she asked, breathlessly.—New York Press.

Two Arctic Enemies.

Since the beginning of time there probably has been enmity between the polar bear and the walrus. Except for the walrus, brain's reign over the arctic regions has been almost unchallenged since the race of mammoths passed. All the hardy flesh eaters that inhabit the bleak, unfertile northland are his natural prey. But most of all he depends upon the seals and sea lions for his food. There is only one animal that is powerful enough to defend itself and offspring against the polar bear's attack, the huge and cumbrous walrus, but its movements are so slow and awkward when out of the water that often it is impossible for the lucky animal to retard the swift attack and retreat of its smaller opponent.—Frank Stick in St. Nicholas.

Three of Them Knew.

According to the Philadelphia Record, a boy of eight said to his mother:

"Well, there were only three boys in school today who could answer one question that the teacher asked us."

"And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother.

"You bet I was," answered the young hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two."

"I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnny?"

"'Who broke that glass in the back window?'"

A Real Romance.

Sometimes there are instances in life like those in the story books. An Atchison girl engaged herself to a carpenter, thinking he was poor, and discovered on the eve of her wedding day that he had $150 in the bank. He had not told her, wishing her to love him for himself alone.—Atchison Globe.

A Big Bathtub.

The tides run out swiftly in the bay of Fundy.

A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Mamma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean!"

The Roller.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," remarked the proverb dispenser.

"And, like the human high roller," rejoined the thoughtful thinker, "it also gravitates downhill."—Chicago News.

In the march of life don't heed the order "right about" when you know you are about right.—Holmes.

Pineules for the Kidneys are little golden globules which act directly on the kidneys. A trial will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and tired woman feelings. 30 days' trial $1.00. They purify the blood. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Sour Milk Cow.

The woman was new to the country and her host took great pains to explain to her whatever she didn't understand about the farm. He had little regard for the truth, this farmer; he delighted to test her gullibility to the utmost.

The cows seemed to interest her more than any other domestic animal. One of the cows had lost her tail somehow, and this fact led the woman to ask why it was.

"That's the sour milk cow," the farmer explained, with a straight face. "We always cut the tail off one cow in the herd so as to get sour milk fresh every day."

The woman looked her doubt.

"It's perfectly true," the farmer insisted. "You see, when the cow's tail is gone the sun shines continually on the cow's udder, and the constant heat sours the milk."

But the woman still doubted.—New York Sun.

Few Buried Alive.

"It might be incidentally mentioned for the relief of anxious souls," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the American Magazine, "that the risk of any individual passing into a trance and remaining in it long enough to be buried alive is exceedingly slight. There is no authentic instance of this having ever occurred. I took occasion to investigate this question some years ago and communicated with a number of leading undertakers, and they all unanimously denounced it as one of the myths of the times. One of them, at the time president of the National Funeral Directors' association, informed me that he had carefully investigated every instance of burial alive reported in the newspapers for fifteen years past and found every one of them to be, in his own language, 'a pure fake.'"

Legs and the Alps.

In the visitors' book of one of the Swiss hotels an observing traveler has inscribed the following lines:

Some dashing young tourists I see,
Wear trousers which end at the knee.
'Twixt better by half
Just to cover the calf
At least where the calf ought to be.

Only those who have seen the scrawny legs, licensed in mountain climbing costume, of some of those tourists who "do" the Alps can fully appreciate the humor of the "limerick."

Nuts as Food.

One very great advantage which nuts possess over most foods is their absolute freedom from adulteration. When you buy nuts you always know what you are getting. Of course those bought in the shell are also absolutely clean.—Good Health.

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The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—it's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 7, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—A happy New Year to all.

—Bryant Sherman, the Bradford photographer, has written a book called "The Cow Bell." It is said to be an excellent work painting of rural life which contains much rich humor.

—Emporium has been so infested with tramps and tough characters of late that a detail of mounted State constabulary has been placed there.

—Under the caption of "Worse than Eldred" the Bradford Era publishes the following dispatch from Jefferson, N. H., dated Dec. 29: One hundred men, armed with axes and dinamite, blew up the chapel of the Holy Rollers here and ordered Joel D. Wright, director of the sect, to leave town. It is claimed that members of the sect work themselves into such a frenzy that they frequently collapse at meetings.

—The Hazelhurst correspondent to the Mt. Jewett Herald has the following about a former Smethport resident: Mrs. Lester Dehnetler, who is suffering from appendicitis, and a complication of other troubles, was taken to the Kane Hospital Thursday where it is expected she will undergo an operation within a few days. While the condition of the patient is quite serious there is every ground for believing she will recover.

—The labor leaders of Kane will enter the political arena this spring and will put a ticket into the field. We understand that there will be opposition to a number of the candidates who will run for various offices. It is the intention of the labor leaders to endorse such candidates who in their opinion are favorable to labor and whenever they find a candidate who does not measure up to their standard to put up a candidate in an endeavor to defeat him.—Kane Republican.

—After running for four miles with no control whatever a Buffalo & Susquehanna freight train of 72 cars, on Dec. 24, crashed through the passenger station at Addison, demolishing that structure and then banged through the big creamery of the Howell Milk Co., also destroying that building. The runaway train left in its walk demolishing cars, burned buildings and general wreckage. Not a man was killed or seriously injured. The damage will not exceed $100,000.

—Miss Lolo Erxleben and Clarence A. Putnam, both of Eldred were married at the M. E. parsonage at that place Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1908.

—Fire gutted the McHale block in Kane on Wednesday night of last week. Hearst Bros., who conducted a hardware store in the block are heavy losers.

—A game warden near DuBois arrested a couple of men who had killed a doe deer contrary to law, and they were fined $100 each. Not having the money to pay their fines they gave judgment notes for the amount. When those became due they refused to pay and appealed the matter to the courts claiming that there was no consideration for payments of obligations. The matter will be thrashed out in the courts, and the question be determined whether or not a law of this kind is permissible.

—Mary Ellen Lease, the former McKean county woman, who some years ago made herself famous as a political spellbinder, is now engaged as a lecturer in the New York schools. She speaks on educational themes and installs in the minds of her youthful hearers precepts of morality and patriotism. Mrs. Lease is much more conservative than she was in former years when she struck violent blows at the entrenched wickedness of the plutocrats. Mrs. Lease was a former resident of Ceres. She was Mary Clynes before her marriage.—Era.

—A York, Pa., dispatch says: The two faithful dogs, waiting beside the mangled remains of three boys to-day revealed the story of a tragedy that snuffed out the lives of three comrades while engaged in a merry snow fight. The dead boys are: Guy Adams, 12 years old, John Woods, 12 years old, Luther Sowers, 14 years old. The boys were snowballing a freight train when struck by an express train running in the opposite direction. The two dogs escaped injury and their pitiful howls directed a searching party to the scene.

Personal experience with a tube of ManZan Pile Remedy will convince you it is immediate relief for all forms of piles. Can be applied directly to the affected parts, reducing inflammation, swelling and itching. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Woods Liver Medicine in liquid form regulates the liver, relieves sick headache, constipation, stomach, kidney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. It is particularly recommended for Jaundice chills, fever and malaria. Its tonic effects on the entire system are felt with the first dose. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50c size. Pleasant to take. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Jan. 7, 1909.

The great sugar king and millionaire, Claus Spreckels of San Francisco is dead. He was 80 years old and the cause of his death was pneumonia.

Abe Ruef, formerly political boss of San Francisco, was sentenced to 14 years in state's prison last week. The charge on which he was convicted was bribing the board of supervisors in relation to a trolley franchise.

The suit of Count Boni de Castellane against his former wife, the Princess De Sagan, for the custody of their children has been decided adversely to the plaintiff. The Princess De Sagan, formerly Anna Gould retains the custody of the three boys. Prior to the last hearing, Boni withdrew his money demand for the children's support and made a plea solely for their custody. This move was expected to strengthen his case materially, but it was apparent at the close of the last hearing that the court would decide against him.

On Wednesday of last week, at his home in Media, Pa., William L. Mathies died from an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Mathies was a former State Treasurer of Pennsylvania and was recently convicted of complicity in the big steal in the furnishing of the State capitol, and was one of the men sentenced to a term of two years in State's prison for his part in the steal. Many of his friends think he was unconsciously drawn into the deal and that the disgrace had much to do with hastening his death. His relatives have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends.

A suit-at-law just has recently been brought in the United States District Court of Arkansas, and is directed against the Wells Fargo Express Co. for the recovery of a penalty from that company for having carried over a post road a package which might have been mailed. The plaintiff is Nathan B. Williams, who claims to have found a statute passed by Congress many years ago, giving the Postoffice Department longer a monopoly of the right to carry packages over post roads, which now includes all railroads carrying mail, when the weight of the package does not exceed four pounds. This is a test case and if the law stands the parcels post will practically go into force, and while it will take millions of dollars yearly from the express companies, it will do much toward doing away with the big deficit in the Postoffice Department.

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, who has recently been endorsed by the McKean County Bar Association, for Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, is one of the most able and popular judges in this State. He possesses that clean-cut type of manhood that wins friends and admirers by the host among all classes of people and a man who would add dignity and respect to the Supreme Court. The following editorial from the Bradford Era is heartily endorsed by the Miner and the whole people of this section.

"Judge Bouton is peculiarly well fitted for the duties of that important position. In his administration of the office of presiding judge of this judicial district, he has shown a broad, intelligent, hard-working spirit toward all litigants and their interests, and his decisions have been based upon sound principles of law and justice. His rulings upon all questions brought before him have been such as to show remarkably keen and discerning mental qualifications.

"No matter how intricate a problem in legal controversy may have been presented to him he has never been at loss to rule upon it promptly and equitably.

"Judge Bouton has proved his efficiency as a jurist in numerous important cases, not only in McKean county courts but elsewhere and his decisions have well withstood the test of review in higher tribunals.

"In the experience of a judge on the bench, questions may arise from time to time, in which authorities can not be referred to for guidance in making decisions. In all such instances Judge Bouton's practical sense of fairness and uprightness has conferred upon every interest involved all that has been its due.

"Judge Bouton was born in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., in 1856, and having at an early age been required to provide for himself, made most excellent use of his opportunities. He studied and worked and persisted in a course of self-improvement which brought most gratifying results.

"At school he was a successful student because of his industry and his talent for learning. From a business position in Port Allegany, he progressed steadily becoming deputy clerk of court and recorder of deeds of McKean county, meanwhile studying law in the office of Hon. J. A. Morrison at Smethport. He was admitted to the bar in 1885, and as a legal practitioner was very successful. He was elected as district attorney and his work in that office was brilliantly and efficiently accomplished. When Hon. T. A. Morrison resigned in 1903 as judge of this district, Joseph W. Bouton was appointed as the unanimous, non-partisan choice of the bar and the citizens of McKean county for the place made vacant. Later when he was a candidate to succeed himself, there was no Democratic opposition to him, although he is a Republican in politics. While acting as judge, his record has redounded greatly to the credit of the court and the county and that is why his friends here are now so enthusiastic in supporting him in his present candidacy.

"Judge Bouton is equipped by experience and wisdom and a profound knowledge of the law to most capably fulfill the duties of Supreme Court justice. He is from a section of the State which should be represented on the Supreme Court bench; his knowledge of the numerous perplexing questions of land titles, etc., and other matters peculiar to the oil country is complete and in the Supreme Court this knowledge would be of rare value.

"He is in the prime of mental and physical vigor and is capable of accomplishing much service. In short, there is not, to-day, throughout the State a more likely candidate for the vacancy to follow Judge Mitchell's retirement from the Supreme Court, than is Hon. Joseph W. Bouton of McKean county."

Free to Our Readers.

We take pleasure in announcing that we have arranged with the well-known firm of E. C. DeWitt & Co. Chicago, Ill., for them to send one full box, a week's trial, of their wonderful little Kidney and Bladder Pills to each reader and subscriber of this paper.

These pills are highly recommended and are an excellent preparation for all forms of Kidney and Bladder trouble. If you are suffering with lame back, backache, weak kidneys and inflammation of the bladder, send your name and address today to E. C. DeWitt & Co., 951-955 LaSalle Ave., Chicago, Ill., and they will send you absolutely free a full box of their Kidney and Bladder Pills, postpaid.

Be sure to take advantage of this offer promptly and don't fail to mention this paper when sending your name and address.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1909, at 2 o'clock p.m.

RALPH E. BRADLEY, Sec'y.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 23, 1908.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence, Alberta Sturdevant.

I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY, and you can tell that I am pleased. It's an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store. We believe in continuous advertising of this kind. Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort. You will feel that every article from our stock is well worth the price; and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand. We lay more stress on high quality than on low price. Our values are just. Make up an order for us and be pleased.

Oscar Engstrom.
Dealer in
Groceries and Provisions.

Sane's
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store
Bell 'Phone 800 Union Phone 302

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

LOW PRICES
—are still prevailing at—
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The balance of our Suit and Overcoat stock are going at lower prices than ever.

We Like Lookers

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

McCoy's Drug Store

ACCOUNT BOOKS, OFFICE SUPPLIES,
STATIONERY,
CIGARS, TOBACCO.

When you buy canned goods you want the best.
Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.
One trial will convince you
ANDORFER & LYLE'S

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE,
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

FRY & COMES AUCTION CLEARANCE SALE!

Owing to the phenominal success which has attended our Auction Clearance Sale which opened Saturday, Jan. 2, and was announced to close Saturday, Jan. 9, we have prevailed upon Mr. King to remain with us two additional days,

MONDAY and TUESDAY, JANUARY 11 and 12.

Thousands of thrifty providers have gone away from the afternoon and evening sales with arms full of as worthy merchandise as was ever sold, bought at prices---quality considered---hitherto unheard of.

We guarantee everything you buy and in no case will Mr. King accept a bid for more than an article is worth. Softest kind of a proposition. You can't lose.

Come anyway if you don't need anything and see other people save money.

SPECIAL SALE DAYS:

EVERYDAY--Everything.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7th
Knit underwear for Men, Women and Children, Men's Shirts, Neckwear, Mittens and Hosiery.

FRIDAY, JAN. 8th
Waists, Furs, Raincoats, Muslin Underwear.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9th
Lace Curtains, Silks.

MONDAY, JAN. 11th
Carpets, Rugs, Mattings.

TUESDAY, JAN. 12th
Grand Windup of Everything.

AUCTIONS: Afternoons, 2:00 to 5:30; Evenings, 7:30 to 10:00.

TERMS: CASH ABSOLUTELY.

FRY & COMES,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Watch for our
MID-WINTER
CLEARANCE SALE
ANNOUNCEMENT
next week.

DALY & GARLICK

The Jewel Sad Iron Heater.

a very desirable article for use on gas ranges for heating sad irons or to protect utensils from direct contact with gas flames.

The Detroit Jewel Griddle will give you perfect satisfaction. We also have Waffle Irons for either gas or wood stoves.

Daly & Garlick.
HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan 7, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—1909.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daniels on Dec 24, 1908, a boy.

—Geo. H. Denning is having a new cooler placed in his meat market on Main street.

—George Campbell has accepted a position as bookkeeper with the Olean Planing Mill Co.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on Main street Monday evening.

—L. B. Gallup of Colegrove was taken to the Kane hospital and operated on for appendicitis Friday.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker of Erie Pa., formerly of Smethport, on Monday, Dec. 28, 1908, a boy.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Downey of Keating township, on Saturday morning, Dec. 26, 1908, a girl.

—Peter R. Donnelly, a well known Bradford resident, aged 38 years, died at his home in that city on Monday.

—If you know an item of news don't be bashful about sending it in. We are always grateful for these little helps.

—R. Edwards, who is charged with forgery, was brought over from Kane on Friday last and lodged in jail to await trial.

—Mrs. Minnie M. Vasbinder of this place and Milton D. Carmahan of Eldred were married at Olean Friday, Jan. 1, 1909.

—The Bradford Printing Company was awarded the contract for the printing of the ballots for the January primary election.

—Neither the chill winds, ice nor snow will effect your good health if you wear an overcoat as advertised by Monheimer on this page.

—Mrs. F. C. Sartwell entertained a few friends Wednesday at her home on King street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Stone of Rochester, N. Y.

—Miss Laura Hewitt of Farmers Valley has accepted the position in the borough school made vacant by the resignation of Miss Allie Gross.

—The Hewitt-Keith Stock Co. will be the attraction at the Lyceum all next week. It is spoken of as a good company and will play at popular prices.

—"My Dixie Girl" was the attraction at the Lyceum last evening and drew a small house. It is a very ordinary Southern drama presented by average talent.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, January 10th, the services will be as follows: 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Service at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—Tom Welch was brought over from Bradford and lodged in jail last week. He is charged with stealing an overcoat this time. He is said to be a man with a past.

—Dr. F. C. Pierce received on Saturday a check for $80 from the head office of the National Protective Legion in payment of the sick benefit claim of Charles McVean.

—Warren Metcalf, aged 18 years, committed suicide by hanging at Wellsville, last week. It is thought that he was insane, owing to the result of being hit on the head with a baseball some time ago.

—William B. Reunells and Miss Ona Estella Lillibridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lillibridge of Coudersport, were married at that place Monday, Dec. 28, 1908, by Rev. C. W. Todd at the Presbyterian church.

—Mr. William Ogilvie and Mrs. Emma A. Snyder both of Coleville were united in marriage by Justice A. W. Colegrove at his office in this borough on Thursday, Dec. Dec. 31, 1908. The MINER extends congratulations.

—Mrs. Fielder A. Jones on Saturday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar an undivided one-eight interest in the Burdick farm lease of eight wells in Scott Hollow, town of Bolivar to Gonter Bros. of Wellsville for $2,750.

—Unarmed, Miss Grace Walker who lives with her brother, George Walker, at Emporium drove a burglar from their home recently. Only a watch and set of furs were taken. Mr. and Miss Walker are well-known to several Smethport people.

—An alleged member of the Black Hand society demanded money of Rocco Gullari a night watchman at Caldwell's foundry, Bradford, recently and upon being refused slashed Gullari on the face and head with a knife, making two ugly wounds. The Black Hand bandit escaped.

—Frank Demerst of Ellicottville, N. Y., became suddenly demented in the Hotel Edgcomb at Galeton last week and after wounding himself in the head with a revolver, threatened to kill anyone who came near him. He was locked up pending an examination of his mental condition.

—We have been requested to state that the Central basketball team of Olean recently defeated the fast Bolivar Champions by a score of 42 to 7. The Centrals wish to challenge any team in Western New York or Pennsylvania averaging 125 pounds. They would like to hear from Mt. Jewett, Hazelhurst, Kane, Clermont, Eldred and St. Marys. Address L. C. Downs, Olean, N. Y.

—Mrs. Nellie Pickette, wife of A. D. Pickette, died at her home in Port Allegany recently from trichinosis, which she contracted by eating partially cooked meat. She was 31 years of age and is survived by her husband and a host of sorrowing friends.

—Patrick F. Green of Mt. Alton was painfully injured at Binghamton on Wednesday of last week. He is a mail carrier between the above named places and while waiting to put a sack of mail on a B., R. & P. train he got too near the track and was struck by the engine. His injuries are not serious.

—The strike of the blowers and gatherers in the hand-blowing glass factories in the mountain district is still on. The men struck for a flat, instead of a sliding scale, and many of the factories have been shut down. Plants representing over 400 pots have signed the flat scale, but the balance still hold out.

—John Arnot of East Smethport had the index finger on his left hand badly smashed on Monday while working on an oil well near Coryville. Dr. Hamilton was called and upon examination found the member so terribly mangled that amputation was necessary. The injured man is getting along nicely at this writing.

—On Monday, January 4, 1909, Mr. Claude Guy Frantz and Miss Bessie May Arnet, both of this borough were united in marriage by Justice A. W. Colegrove at his office in the presence of a few friends. The happy young couple have a host of friends in this vicinity who wish them a long and prosperous married life.

—Among those who have new advertisements in this issue are: Fry & Comes, auction sale; H. W. Rubin, spec'l sale; The Lindholm Co., announcement; Daly & Garlick, hardware; Mrs. A. E. Hinman, millinery bargains; McCoys Drug Store, books, etc.; Anderfer & Lyle, canned goods; H. C. Wells, drugs; A. B. Armstrong, drugs.

—"Billy" Jones of Smethport tells a small joke on himself, to-wit: He and his little son were talking about the place where the good little boys go when they die. "Wouldn't you like to go there, too?" inquired Mr. Jones. "No," said the precocious lad, "I would rather not go where the good little boys go. I would rather go with you, papa."—Bradford Era.

—One day last week a young man whose parents live in an adjacent township came to Smethport and passed a worthless check. A warrant was sworn out for his arrest and he was captured at Austin. After spending a night in the Austin jail and one here his father came to his rescue and settled up the matter by paying the amount of the bad check and costs. It was the first time the father had seen the son in several years and the meeting was not a pleasant one for the father at least.

—The dance given by the Lemon Club, New Year's eve, at the Lyceum was another great success. A clever program was arranged by which the ladies chose their partners until midnight, after which that prerogative was returned to the sterner sex. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and everybody present enjoyed themselves until a late hour. The refreshments were unusually good and greatly relished. A donation was made for a worthy and unfortunate family and about $27 was realized for this good cause. It is understood that the next Lemon Club dance will be for the benefit of this sorrowing family.

Personal Mention.

Paul D. Hamlin left Saturday for his home in Chicago.

Paul Lyon of Bradford was in town Monday on business.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence passed Sunday with friends in Olean.

Luther Brooke of Buffalo was visiting his parents during the holidays.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Green of Olean last week.

Sam Stull returned to his studies at Westbrook's Commercial College at Olean.

F. D. Gallup had business in Philadelphia and Harrisburg Monday and Tuesday.

Lewis Marks of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, is spending a few days with friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Stone of Rochester, N. Y., are the guests of relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Lehman of Clearfield, Pa., were the guests of friends in town last week.

R. C. Cunningham of Tioga county was the guest of Alex Cunningham during the holidays.

Earl Chase returned home Monday from Alliance, Ohio, where he had been for the past week.

Mrs. Curt Witherow was called to Clermont last night by the serious illness of her father.

Miss Liebel, who has been spending the holidays with her sister in Buffalo has returned home.

Miss Anna Eenroll of Elkland has has been spending her vacation as the guest of Alice Stull.

Hon. Jas. A. McKean and Hon. R. W. Hilton were attending their duties at Harrisburg this week.

E. R. Berry of Demapolis, Alabama, has been the guest of J. C. Stull and family the past week.

Mrs. Sarah Richmond and son, Paul, returned home Saturday from a visit with friends in Canada.

Miss Irma Wells left Wednesday for West Chester, Pa., where she is a student at the Darlington Seminary.

Miss Edna Comes was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. D. M. Wright, and friends at Port Allegany during vacation.

J. L. Morrison, Guy and Kenneth Mayo attended a dancing party at Coudersport on Thursday of last week.

Miss Florence Eckert of Perry, N. Y., who has been the guest of Miss Bessie Curran, left for her home Monday.

Mrs. J. K. Blalock of Chicago passed Christmas at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Chadwick, of this place.

John Thamm of Bradford who has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Abbey, has returned home.

Miss Eva Hopper returned to her home in Hornell, N. Y., Thursday last after a short visit with friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bowen and children of Bradford, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus, returned home Saturday.

MacArthur Gorton, who has been home for the holidays, departed Monday to resume his studies at Bucknell University.

Miss Ellen Liljendahl came over from Ridgway and passed the holiday vacation at the home of her mother, Mrs. C. Liljendahl.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Bayle last week, have returned to their home in Mt. Jewett.

Miss Belle Rosenoin, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin and family, has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Gertrude Hayden of Wyoming, N. Y., was the guest of her cousins, Mrs. O. H. McVean and Miss Emma Sawyer, last week.

Mr. Van Ellert of Ridgway was in town on Saturday and a pleasant caller at J. C. Stull's, with his friend Ralph Robinson of DuBois.

Sherwood R. Chase, who has been absent from this place for the past thirteen years, returned Monday and is renewing old acquaintances.

Webb B. Hopper returned from Hornell, N. Y., where he had been for the past week, the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper.

Miss Ida and John Engstrom who have been the guests of relatives in town for the past two weeks returned to their home in Jamestown, N. Y., Monday.

Mrs. Mary A. Caldwell of Farmers Valley called at this office Tuesday and presented the force with a basket of fine eating apples for which we extend our thanks.

Miss Edna Keenan returned to her home in New York on Saturday. She had been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan during the holidays.

Frederick Specht, Ed. Glavin and Ralph Herzog left yesterday for State College. They have been spending the holidays with their respective parents in this place.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 2, 1909:

Wm. A. Lee, Herbert Martin, Elizabeth Marks, M. M. H., 2.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

The Acropolis.

The Acropolis is the ancient citadel of Athens. It is a rocky height rising precipitously from the plain so as to be inaccessible on all sides but the west. It was the fortress, sanctuary and museum of that city.

Test Case for Smallpox.

It was Lady Mary Montague who introduced into England the principle of inoculation for smallpox. She learned this in Constantinople, and first tried its efficacy on her own son before giving it to the world.

For Sale.

Bay mare, good driver or worker, will work single or double. Bargain to quick buyer. Inquire of

Mary A. Caldwell,
Farmers Valley, Pa.

For health and happiness—DeWitt's Little Early Risers—small, gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills, the best made. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

WM. MONHEIMER.

$7.50 or $12.00

for an OVERCOAT, which shall it be? You can pick any Overcoat in the store up to $15.00 and pay only

$7.50,

or an $18.00 or $20 Overcoat for

$12.00.

Only drop in, see and feel of these Coats—then you'll realize how much you will actually save if you buy an Overcoat NOW.

There is still a choice assortment of Suits—to fit you—at a saving to you of from $5.00 to $10, at

MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

AUCTION CLEARANCE SALE!

We are conducting our January Clearance sale by Auction this year—a departure from our usual method—but it's a way that we are sure will meet with your approval. It's simply buy what you want, bid what you please. If anyone wants it more than you do they raise your bid, you follow up or drop out according to your notion of the value of the article.

Come and see other people buy if you don't want anything yourself.

SPECIAL DAYS;

EVERYDAY—Everything.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7—Knit Underwear for Men, Women and Children, Men's Shirts, Etc.

FRIDAY, JAN. 8—Waists, Furs, Skirts, Undermuslins.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9—Lace Curtains, Silks.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade-mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

Marlin
A 6½ lb field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 5 stamps postage.
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

Christmas Candies

Grapes, Grape Fruit,
Oranges, All Kinds of Mixed Nuts,
Celery, Lettuce.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

GREAT BARGAINS!

Millinery, Cloaks, Furs, and all Wool Goods sold at cost. Now is the time to save money.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Miss Martha

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.

AUNT BECKY placed her hand upon the little girl's head and smiled welcomely.

"So you have come to live with your pa and ma in the big house on the hill?" she said. "I just love that place."

"You love it?" the girl asked. "Why, Aunt Becky?"

Aunt Becky laughed. "Because Miss Martha lived there so long, I reckon," she replied.

The girl sat down in the open door. "Won't you tell me about Miss Martha?" she asked.

Aunt Becky took a pan of potatoes in her lap and prepared to peel them. Her dim eyes glistened in recollection.

"Well, dearie," she began, "I knew Miss Martha when she was just a little bit of a child like you, and I don't care where you go or where you look you won't ever find any sweeter girl nor any purer angel than was she.

"And I knew Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry when they were just little boys, about so high, playing together in the meadow or fishing in the old White river over there.

"Mr. Joe's father was a Virginian, who came to Indiana when there was hardly anybody here but Indians. And Mr. Henry was the son of General Beasley, who fought with Sheridan in '65.

"It was curious how much Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry were attached to one another when they were little boys. It couldn't rain on one without raining on the other, and when the sun was shining the shadows of one was always kissing the other's little dimpled feet. So they grew into manhood, with the sunshine stored in both their souls and the blue of the sky in Mr. Joe's eyes and in Mr. Henry's the shadows of the grapevines across the path.

"But there came a time when Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry came down the path together; they were not arm in arm, for Miss Martha was walking between them, but I couldn't see her.

"One day Mr. Henry came along, and there was a shadow on his face that I didn't like. With never a word he sat down in the door and took off his hat.

"By and by I put my hand on his head and said, 'What's the matter, Mr. Henry?'

"'Nothing much, Aunt Becky,' says he. 'Only just a pain in here.' Then I knew it was Miss Martha.

"'Where's Mr. Joe today, Mr. Henry?' I says.

"'He's over to Miss Martha's,' says he.

"After awhile Mr. Joe came down the path, whistling.

"'Hello, Henry!' says he. 'I've been looking for you,' says he, walking over

SHE PRETENDED NOT TO BE INTERESTED.

to where Mr. Henry was sitting on an old log. But Mr. Henry did not answer. He just got up and walked away with his arms folded and his face white and left Mr. Joe standing with dumb lips and scarlet face.

"A few days after that I saw Miss Martha and Mr. Henry drifting down the river in a boat. Miss Martha was sitting in the stern looking down at her hands trailing in the water, and Mr. Henry, with his oars crossed in his lap, was leaning forward gazing into Miss Martha's face.

"Pretty soon Mr. Joe came along. I knew he had seen Miss Martha and Mr. Henry, but he never let on, only he wasn't whistling, as usual.

"Well, about this time the war with Spain broke out. Old Judge Singleton drove around making speeches and he was a powerful speaker in his day—and General Beasley got on his old white horse, all fixed out in the uniform he wore when he fought with Sheridan, and went galloping up and down, calling on all the men folks to enlist.

"And the very first one who stepped upon the platform and signed his name to the enlistment was Mr. Joe.

"The tears came to my eyes when I saw that, for Mr. Joe was all that an old judge had left, and the judge's head was like that hillside when the wild cherries are in bloom—snut white.

"The judge grew pale and leaned on the table for a moment. Then he took Mr. Joe's hand and says, 'God bless you, my boy.' And that was all he said.

"When Mr. Henry saw what Mr. Joe had done he climbed upon the platform as quickly as he could and says, 'I'm going along with Joe.'

"The old general was used to war, and the fire of battle was burning in his veins. 'If you didn't put your name down there, sir,' says he, 'you wouldn't be no son of mine,' says he. But I was standing where I could see a tear fall from old Mr. Beasley's eye.

"I tell you my heart was sad after that, and more than ever I loved to see Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry come down the path under the wild grapevines, only I knew Miss Martha was walking between them.

"Thus came the next to the last day they were going to be at home, and Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry were lying in the grass right there looking at the old White river that was drifting, drifting—always drifting southward and never coming back.

"By and by Mr. Joe says, 'Henry,' says he, 'tomorrow we're going to the war. Maybe we will never fish in the White river or gather grapes or wild cherries off those hills together any more,' say he, 'and there shouldn't be any shadows between us, Henry,' says he. 'Let's go to Martha, you and me, and ask her which she thinks the most of. Like as not,' says he, 'she ain't caring very much for either of us.'

"Mr. Henry smiled at that and took Mr. Joe's hand. Then, arm in arm, they went up the path, and there wasn't any shadows between them after that—there never was any more.

"Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry found Miss Martha in the meadow back of her father's house, and Mr. Joe explained what they had come to find out.

"Now, of course Miss Martha knew very well what her answer should be, but she pretended not to be interested. So she glanced regularly first at one, then at the other, the sunset creeping into her cheeks and the light of all the stars creeping into her eyes. Then she plucked a daisy out of the clover and said she would let the daisy decide. And with that she pulls off the petals, saying, 'Joe, Henry, Joe, Henry,' like that. And the last petal was Henry.

"Mr. Joe didn't say a word. He just took Mr. Henry's hand in both of his a minute, then he crossed the meadow and went down the road, leaving Mr. Henry smiling and holding Miss Martha's hand and Miss Martha gazing after Mr. Joe, all the sunlight and the starlight fading out of her face and eyes. And the next day we were all up to town to see the soldier boys march off to war.

"I never saw any brighter sunshine or any bluer sky than there was that day. Old General Beasley was on his white horse, galloping back and forth and waving the sword with which he fought with Sheridan, and Judge Singleton climbed on a box and made a speech to the soldiers, exhorting them to bring glory to old Lawrence county.

"Presently the captain spoke, and the soldiers put their guns on their shoulders and they were off down the road. Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry were marching side by side, and as they turned the corner Mr. Henry glanced back at Miss Martha. She fluttered her handkerchief, and he waved his cap, and in his eyes was a great happiness.

"But Mr. Joe never looked back; he just kept his eyes to the front. And there was a meadow lark singing somewhere down by the river.

"Miss Martha received many letters from Mr. Henry, and she used to come down the path and sit in the door right where you are sitting now and read them, but I could tell by the way she sighed when she finished that the letters from Mr. Henry didn't satisfy her.

"One day she says to me, playing with the strings of her bonnet, 'Auntie Becky,' says she, 'do you ever get any letters from Joe, Auntie Becky?'

"Then she pulls the bonnet down over her eyes, but I saw her cheeks, and they were the color of a sumac leaf in October—that red. 'Oh, Auntie Becky,' she said, 'I wish there never had been any daisies in our meadow,' and she covered her face with her hands.

"So the weeks and the months went by with nothing but war, war, war. But one day Miss Martha burst in at the door all excited, and she says, 'Oh, Auntie Becky, sit down. I've something important to read you.'

"It was a letter from Mr. Henry, and he wrote about a big battle down in Cuba. The letter wasn't written for more than two weeks after the fight, for Mr. Henry had been wounded and was in a hospital.

"Mr. Henry called it San Juan, where he was shot. He wrote that when he came to himself after being struck he was lying on the ground and there was a terrible pain in his breast.

"He tried to get upon his feet, but fell back exhausted and waited for death. And pretty soon Mr. Joe came crawling to him.

"Mr. Joe didn't have on any hat, nor he didn't have any gun, and his hair was matted with blood, and his face was black with powder smoke.

"He took Mr. Henry's head in his arms, and he held a canteen to his mouth and he said, 'Here, Henry, drink some of this.'

"But Mr. Henry only glanced up into Mr. Joe's face weak like and says, 'I low I'm done for,' says he.

"Then, Mr. Henry wrote, Mr. Joe lifted him up a little and says, 'Don't talk that way,' he says. 'You're going to live, Henry—you've got to live for Miss Martha; you've got to live to go back to the old White river,' he says. 'I missed you when we pulled ourselves together over there,' he says, 'and I came back after you, Henry. Hold on there. I'm going to take you through the hell or Miss Martha's going to see me no more.' And he did, and that's all Mr. Henry wrote to ——— Martha in that letter.

"When Miss Martha finished reading it she put it back in the envelope quietly and didn't say a word for two or three minutes. Then she said 'Aunt Becky, wasn't that good and brave of Joe?' And that was all she said.

"Well, it was Miss Martha who first heard that the war was over and the soldier boys were coming home. She came dancing down the path as happy as a rabbit in the clover and threw her arms around my neck and said the joy just laughing out of her eyes 'Aunt Becky, Joe's coming home!' But she never said a word about Mr. Henry.

"And when the boys returned we were all uptown to meet them. Miss Martha was there, all fixed out in her new white dress trimmed with ribbons, and her eyes gloamed as if the brightness that had been missing from them had all come back at once.

"But when Mr. Henry stepped out of the ranks and took her hand it

SHE LET HER GLANCE WANDER TO WHERE MR. JOE STOOD.

both of his she bowed her head and let her glance wander to where Mr. Joe stood talking with his father.

"Then I saw clearly how things were, and I saw my duty as the Lord made me to understand it.

"So one day when Mr. Joe came down the path under the wild grapevines and sat down in the door to talk to Aunt Becky I told him how anxious Miss Martha had been regarding him, and I saw his face brighten suddenly, as the old White river brightens when the clouds part and let the sunshine tumble down.

"That gave me courage, so I said, 'Mr. Joe,' says I, 'why don't you go courting Miss Martha?'

"Mr. Joe rose up, and there was a look of deep pain on his face, but his lips were pressed tightly together.

"'Aunt Becky,' he says, 'Miss Martha has decided between us.' And with that he turned and walked away.

"I told Miss Martha what Mr. Joe said. She didn't make any reply, but wandered slowly away down by the river, and I lost sight of her behind the brush over there.

"I followed her and found her lying amid the clover, with her face buried in her arms, the new sunshine falling asleep in her hair and her slim, little body shaking with her sobs.

"I took her in my arms and dried her tears and helped her back to my cabin.

"Then I heard some one whistling and saw Mr. Joe coming down the path. So I told Miss Martha to sit down and I shut the door and went to meet Mr. Joe and told him there was an old friend in my cabin who wanted to see him.

"'Who is it?' he asked, but I says, 'Go in and see, Mr. Joe, and God bless you both,' says I. Then I opened the door, and Mr. Joe went in alone.

"I walked down by the river and sat on the bank, watching the tree limbs bending to kiss the ripples.

"When I returned it was nearly sunset, and when I glanced in at the open door I saw Mr. Joe holding Miss Martha's hands and looking down into her face, and Miss Martha was smiling up into Mr. Joe's face, and in the eyes of each I saw a great tenderness. There was a deep stillness in the room, but down somewhere by the river there was a sapsucker singing."

Aunt Becky arose and, going to the door, drained the water off the potatoes.

The child smiled. "I am so glad," she said. Then she arose hurriedly. "But I hear mamma calling. Good-by, Aunt Becky."

Vicarious Suffering.

"A headache is a dreadful thing."

"Yes; I have known it to afflict a whole household."

"What, at once?"

"Yes."

"Must have been epidemic or something of that kind."

"Oh, no; not at all. It was dad's head that ached."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of C. C. Wright, late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

J. B. WRIGHT, Administrator.

Kane, Pa., Oct. 20, 1898.

Novelty Restaurant.
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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS

Ignorance of Physicians of the Eighteenth Century.

TORTURE FOR THE PATIENTS.

Every Ailment Beyond Diagnosis Was Classed as a Fever, and Pills, Plasters, Burning and Bleeding Were the Regulation Remedies.

The proverb "The remedy is worse than the disease" must have been coined in the eighteenth century, when physicians treated their patients with a violence that bordered on assault and battery. It was held that sickness was some kind of a demon that must be overcome by pills, plasters, bleeding and burning, and if the patient incidentally got the full effects of the torture and died, so much the worse for him. Air and water were considered the most dangerous things for a sick person to have, and his misguided demand for them was interpreted as a sign that he should have still less. The windows were shut and the curtains of the four poster tightly drawn around the recumbent unfortunate gasping for breath. If he burned with fever the blankets were piled on him. A desire for water meant that he could have none, while a lack of appetite proved that he ought to be stuffed with food. A bath was positively undesirable.

The deadly results of breathing [illegible] were accepted by medical writers as [illegible] S. C. L. excuse in the Cornhill Magazine. All air was bad, but the night one was ten times fatal to "young ladies of beauty, fortune and great merit" and to "young gentlemen of parts and breeding." One bold medico recommended that a bedchamber should be ventilated—in the daytime. Another dared to suggest that consumptives might benefit from sleeping in a pure atmosphere. The rule for ablutions was "hands often, feet seldom, head never," but a physician far in advance of his age advised that invalids might bathe their feet in warm water once a week and under extraordinary circumstances take a warm bath once a month.

Overeating and drinking caused many of the diseases of the upper classes. Montesquieu said that dinner killed one half of the Parisians and supper the other half. Everywhere it was the custom to pile the table with roast beef, fritters, capons, boars' heads, pasties, creams, stuffings and mincemeats. A fearful repast of twelve indigestible courses was brought on all together, so that the diners knew what was expected of them. A large breakfast of small beer and meats preceded the gigantic midday meal, when people enjoyed a Gargantuan gorge for three hours and spent two more in Falstaffian positions. After this the gentlemen joined the women for a dish of tea in the drawing room, and it was not long before the whole party of human anacondas returned to the dining room for a supper on the cold remnants of the dinner. Amid this orgy of gluttony Walpole and Voltaire were distinguished for an abstinence that prolonged their lives.

Heavy drinking was universal and rarely reprimanded by medical men, as by Dr. Trouchin. One Dr. Cheyne advised women not to take a whole bottle a day. Another authority wrote a popular treatise in which the best means of attaining longevity was stated to be a bottle of wine at dinner and three glasses after. Those who followed such advice were in danger of being dubbed temperance cranks. A story is told of the celebrated and convivial Dr. Garth, who was tipping bumpers at the Kit-Kat club when reminded that his patients needed attention. "'Tis no matter," said Garth, already half seas over, "if I see them or not. Nine have such bad constitutions that all the doctors in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good that all the doctors in the world can't kill them."

A physician named Brown became the fad of fashionable women by always prescribing pleasant remedies, "a glass of wine in the forenoon from time to time," "several glasses of port or punch after dinner till some exhilarating effect is perceived from them." Together with inordinate quantities of liquor and food, Dr. Brown recommended to his male patients the company of "delightful young women." One of the natural consequences of such an agreeable regimen was the gout, for which eighteenth century high livers took seas of liquid medicines, mountains of pills and blue of powders.

Any disease beyond diagnosis was put down as "a fever." Whether typhus or typhoid, scarlet or gastric, noncontagious or violently infectious, anything which caused a rise in temperature was sufficiently described by the term fever. Smallpox, scurvy, spotted and jail fever were maladies distinctive of the age. Disinfection and first aid to natures were never dreamed of, while the patient was dosed with horrible drafts and nauseating compounds and bled on every possible occasion. Louis XIV. was bled nine times for scarlet fever. Bleeding killed the Duchess of Tremouille and her husband. When a mob attacked the Duke of Bedford's house in 1765 the doctors controlled the outrage by bleeding the duchess next morning. A young man who fell against a marble table and cut his head open was treated by having a few pints of extra blood drawn from his veins by an expert surgeon. Blistering was esteemed next to bleeding. A fashionable remedy for consumption was a mash of raw snails, shells and all, taken from a spoon.

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FREAK PAINTINGS.

A Tiny Work of Art and Rosa's Frame Formed Harpsichord.

Specially prepared canvases and gilded frames are not essential to the making of great paintings. This has been demonstrated by the artists who have painted masterpieces on scraps of board, shells, grains of corn and the walls of rooms and prison cells. Some of the most valued art objects belong to the freak class.

The smallest painting in the world of distinctive merit was executed on the smooth side of a grain of corn by a Flemish artist. On this limited surface the artist painted in perfect detail a mill, a miller with a sack of grain on his back, a horse and cart and a group of several peasants standing in a road.

The largest picture ever painted is said to be a panorama of the Mississippi river, executed by John Banvard, an artist domiciled in Watertown, S. D., in 1851. The gigantic canvas was twenty-two feet high and nearly two miles long. It gave a detailed representation of 2,000 miles of the Father of Waters.

The largest of the old masters' canvases is Murillo's "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua." The picture is ten feet wide and eighteen feet high.

It is related that a friend called on Salvator Rosa in Florence one day and found him playing on an old harpsichord. The caller asked the artist why he kept such a worthless instrument.

"Why, it is not worth a scudo!" the friend said.

"I will wager," replied Rosa, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it in use."

A bet was made. Rosa immediately painted a landscape on the lid that not only sold for 1,000 scudi, but was accounted a work of great merit.

The celebrated St. John's Wood clique of artists in London executed a series of large frescoes in oil on the walls of the studio of J. E. Hodgson, one of the members. The paintings were begun in the winter of 1851-2. Shakespearean subjects were chosen, and the figures were a little under life size.

When Mr. Hodgson moved from his studio an unsophisticated tenant covered the walls of the room with brown wall paper, completely hiding the paintings. The frescoes were rediscovered by accident forty years afterward and restored.—Kansas City Star.

A CHARITY PATIENT.

The Price He Had to Pay For Expert Surgical Treatment.

The famous surgeon Velpeau was wished one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his closeness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent and that the leg would amount to 1,000 francs. At this the marquis made a wry face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hopital de la Charite, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg St. Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your exeat—that is, you will have to sign a check for 10,000 francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor, "but if you refuse all Paris will know tomorrow that the Marquis de D. adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.—Argonaut.

The Storm Nose at Sea.

The picturesque name of storm nose (Gewitternase) is given in Germany to the wave of high barometric pressure which often precedes a storm or a heavy squall. The barometer rises suddenly and then falls more gradually. It is believed that this phenomenon is responsible for sudden changes in the level of the sea. Observations on the seas surrounding Denmark have led to the conclusion that the change of level thus produced sometimes amounts to no less than three feet.—Youth's Companion.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Standard.

Shut Him Up.

Baldheaded Gentleman (having his boots polished for the first time)—Confound it, you take an awfully long time about it. Shoeblack—Yes, sir. It ain't done so quick as when you has you'r hair cut!—London Tit-Bits.

Do you wish to find out the really sublime? Repent the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon.

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Officers' Directory.

STATE.

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State Treasurer—John O. Sheats
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Att'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Members of Congress—C. W. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hilliard, Bradford.
District Attorney—Milo M. Hays, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Jesperwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Baylis, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Barduette S. Blythe, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Stevens.
Council—J. C. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. B. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sass.
Justices—R. [illegible] Green.
Constable—C. H. Page.
School Directors—J. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secy.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, O. H. Rasbach, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Olenson.
Assessor—C. H. Hyde.
Auditors—A. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, Walt. Stanley.
Overseer of Roads—H. [illegible] Hilton.
Inspectors of Elect. 1—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 358, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. With work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
[illegible] S. BAILEY, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 145, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
Miss. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
Mrs. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. R. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BESSIE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Miss. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. BROWNSON, Sec'y.

P. of H.—Smethport Branch, No. 251, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EISENBACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Mrs. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Miss. ELLA MONTGOMERY, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:15 p. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:00 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dunn, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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And Maud Carried Along with Her the Bunch of Deer-Skin.

Tiberius Smith

His Grizzlies' Football Team Makes Good.

By HUGH PENDEXTER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Immediately after Tiby's encounter with Chuck Mellurr we started on our long trip to the land of graft and graciousness, and after a long, tedious jaunt caught the home-bound steamer, skirted Labrador and finally sneaked through the Strait of Belle Isle and reached the blessed St. Lawrence.

"Now for sweet rest and the innocent spectacle of a cow chewing her cud in some Vermont vale, I sighed, luxuriously, when we'd been in Montreal for a day.

"Telegram for you, sir, said the portly crook who mismanaged our hotel.

"The boss says we are to catch the Saucy Liz' soonest at Vancouver, and take a mild little run north to Kinack, on the tip of Point Barrow, mused Tib, eying me furtively.

"Not to win several bets, I protested indignantly.

"I'll wire him a refusal, he declared stoutly.

"Inside of two hours he was back, smiling gentlily. 'Pay Monsieur Garcon Whang-Bang and pack up,' he cried joyously.

"And, to abbreviate, that night found us on the C. P., booming, so far as I was concerned, very disconsolately westward.

"It seems that my patron's exchange of wires with the chief had revealed an errand so dear to the inclination of my leader that he had decanted and had tossed in an enthusiastic affirmative, signed by our joint names. I was disgruntled, of course, as we were not strapped to the ultimate coin yet, and I had wanted to enjoy a straw hat and forget chilblains a bit before allowing the bleak Arctic environment to again encompass our clustered activity.

"But Tib was all gayety, playful as a kitten, little realizing we were about to glide from the perpetual embrace of the chilly tomb solely through my second-hand varsity lore. It transpired we were on our way to capture the Kinack pennant and dub ourselves the champions of Alaska, but we had no radical hint of the glory, not even after we had berthed aboard the Liz.

"The captain of the sealer, we quickly discovered, was an old employe of the circus, and had often collected odd chunks of Arctic life for the big shows. We had been with him once on an Iceland trip. His quest now was a mighty one, being nothing less than a whole village of tame polar bears. Needless to say, he was playing second fiddle to my patron when it came to annexing such important brutes, and even I began to lose my melancholy frown when I appreciated the fat bonus awaiting a successful outcome of the venture. So gradually waxing almost human in my deportment to Tib, we sailed away from the realm of the open-work sock.

"You should know, sir, that there is no better card for a menagerie than the Ursus maritimus; and despite his natural ferocity and the fact that he is the greatest meat-eater among his furry fellows, the big beast can be tamed and is unusually acute of perception. All the up-to-date animal shows have polars that will do all sorts of tricks and never growl. But as it costs like sin to get them, and as it takes time to make out their naturalization papers, an opportunity to pilfer a whole bevy of the deep-coated entertainers is a chance no quadruped king can allow to die of neglect.

"The four-footed treasure-trove was the property of one Olfen, an aged missionary, said the sealer. The old man had been deserted by his Innuit charges and had filled in his time snaring and domesticating the varmints. The Saucy Liz was the first boat in two years to obtrude on his privacy, and as he was short of fodder the intrusion was very welcome. He had accepted the sealer's proposal that he come to the States and live in comfort at the expense of the circus, while his pets earned his ease by traveling in the menagerie.

"Up to the north we climbed, the coast growing ever more bleak and desolate—just Nome and its gold-sanded shores, stopping at Chuck Cape just long enough to pick up some native hunters, and ultimately rounding the shoulder of Alaska, where the full force of the cold-storage zephyrs caused our sealch little craft to growl its way among the ice-floes like some aquatic bull dog. And such a 'buffet-kig!' You see, the month was August and an off-shore wind was frisking the cut-glass out to the open, thus giving us our only chance of creeping in to the coast.

"The moment the Saucy Liz poked her head inside the cape four native kyaks burst out to meet us, and the captain sighed his disapplaingment. 'Fer,' he explained, 'if Olfen's Innuit flock has returned he'll never leave them, and we've had our little jaunt for nothing.'

"But Tib, slapping his fox-skin gloves briskly together, refused to entertain this unwholesome suggestion, and intimated that inasmuch as our boss had spent enough money on the trip to buy carpet slippers for every barefooted owl in the country, we must take back something, if only an iceberg.

"The desire to trade kept the natives about the sealer, and we three, Tib, the captain and I, slid in to shore alone. Then the captain hurried us inland several hundred yards to a low, stone-house-banked hish with dirt and plugged with moss, and called on the missionary to appear and welcome us. But the door remained closed. 'Father Olfen!' he cried again.

"And then—great Scott, sir! but my heart certainly skipped seven throbs; for from around the corner of the hut paraded seven of the biggest polars I ever saw. And the whole outfit reared with one accord and eyed us complacently. At our apparent concern the captain laughed and assured us they were tame as kittens. Then he boldly advanced and said, 'Hello, Minnie!' and stuck out his fist. And hang me, sir, if Minnie didn't return the chaste salute most amiably!

"Tib, you know, always had a hypnotic way with animals, and he, too, tripped forward and slapped another ell on the flank. Mr. Bruin slowly dropped to all-fours and rubbed his massive white head lovingly against my patron's sealskin coat.

"But no missionary had appeared, and finding the door unfastened we entered. The room was deserted, but on a rough table was a letter addressed to the captain. In it Olfen explained that he was about to leave on a chance sealer then off shore, as to remain longer meant death. By the date of the note he had been gone about a week. 'A strange tribe has settled here,' he wrote, 'and while their superstition leads them to avoid the hut, as they believe, because of my bears, that I must be an evil spirit, they nevertheless threaten to kill me. They cry out I am Nenook Shaman, the Bear Spirit, and it is only a question of time when they will attack me. Poor, ignorant savages! If I were younger I would stay, regardless of the risk; but I find my last days are suddenly filled with a desire to see the flowers, and I cannot wait for you. If you come and my pets are still here, be kind to them.

"After the captain had slowly spelled this out a scratching at the door caused me to open it, and there was a nine-foot, sixteen-hundred-pound toy sitting on his haunches and politely salaaming. Tib said the old boy was hungry and, finding a stock of dried fish, we led the seven into their rock corral behind the hut—and say, for endurance in gastronomic stunts those fairies had all the old Roman gluttons reduced to light-weight dyspeptics.

"Just as we had cemented the entente cordiale by the simple donation a cloud of snow capered over the hut and the captain gained the open in three jumps. 'An inshore wind,' he cried, in explanation. 'I've got to save Liz. Stay here and I'll beat back at the first let-up.' And his lank form was lost in a swirl of feathers and we were left alone.

"We built a rousing fire, for despite the month the ground was covered with cotton batting and the raw breezes owned the beach. We were pleased to note the Innuits had disappeared from the map when the storm broke loose. Olfen's letter was not very reassuring, you know. After we had fixed up the hut we paid another visit to the bears. Tib's control over them was something uncanny. They seemed to dope out everything he said, and on the first day he taught them to form pyramids and do several stereotyped tricks.

"'What an elegant football squad they'd make,' I carelessly observed on the third morning, as he dealt out the fish.

"Tib stood transfixed for a minute, and then cut a pigeon-wing of unadulterated ecstasy. 'An inspiration, Billy!' he cried, and straightway began planning for a Polar Bear eleven. He said he would borrow the four brutes already with the show to make up the squad, adorn them all with big mitts and muzzles, so as to reassure the timid spectators and then challenge college teams wherever the circus went.

"'Give me some pointers on that deadly pleasantry and watch me translate it into the bear language,' he commanded.

"And nearly all day I fed him football lore and grounded him in the science of the game. Then as the storm showed no symptoms of weakening he got to work with his pupils, he and I playing with them. For nine ground-gainers we certainly were clever. And the bears enjoyed it immensely. Tib taught them to tote a deer-skin ball and go through three simple maneuvers, not at all unlike the real article.

"Minnie and Maude were at right and left ends respectively, and huge Rudolph in the center. To call Minnie's name meant for her to lead off, with the other six following in close formation, and we styled it the burglar-proof wedge. And Maude's name meant a similar play at left end. But our chef-d'oeuvre was when Rudolph threw back his flat-topped head and in loudness invited his cronies to fill in the vibrams created by the moving of his giant form. For pure realism in buckles the thud his stunt at center had the other two combinations plucked to a tawdry finish. We regretted while rejoicing; for it required no prophet to see that only a freight train could cause him and the rib power of energy in his wake to hesitate even, and it would never do to spring the joke on the same college twice.

"But, sir, for a picturesque effect it was purely supernal. It would have placed your heart three palpitations to the good just to study them as they caught on to the varsity spirit and crouched in line, eagerly awaiting the signals. And after they got so they could perform each hurricane dash without a flaw, Tib and I fell on each other's necks and shed tears of distilled joy.

"They are so blessed human, Billy,' he sobbed, in apology for his emotion. And he gave each champion a fish.

"Then came a dampener to our spirits that caused us to forget the gridiron for the nonce. I had gone to the beach at the first inclination of clearing weather, but instead of sighting the sealer I beheld four big gondolas, well filled with jovial murderers. It required no second glance to see that they were our late neighbors, and in the bows of each ferry stood a spear or harpoon-brandishing midget, intimating with easy grace that I was next. These simple gesticulations alone evinced that they were in rare fettle for acting roguish and Paule Revere would have been distanced at the first quarter had he endeavored to keep tabs on my flitting footsteps.

A Large Bottle Affectionately Clasped by the Chief.

"Tib stood in the doorway as I blew within his ken, and he had already detected the menace. He dragged me inside and closed the portal, just as the amiable rattlesnakes beached their boats and set up a song of rancor. Then they did a little green-corn dance and set our football stars to growling with a cloud of spears and arrows. I was puzzled to know what had surfeited them with courage until Tib indicated a large bottle, affectionately clasped to the bosom of the chief. Then we detected in the middle distance a sinister-looking keg. It was obvious they had procured the fire-water from the sealer while the captain was ashore with us.

"Of course we searched the hut for trappings of war, but could find nothing more offensive than some stout clubs. 'I'm afraid it's all up if they rush us,' I soliloquized, sullenly. 'They number at least two-score.'

"Tib sighed in a minor, but made no reply until he had scanned the ice-freckled wavelets with an ancient glass. Then he observed, 'If my old eyes dont' deceive me, there's a wisp of smoke out yon.'

"I gave a whoop of joy. It was the sealer to the rescue. 'Hurrah for the Saucy Liz!'

"'Only Lizzie knows naught of our embarrassment,' disheartened Tib, 'and is taking her time. The query is, can we hold out till she arrives?'

"'Speaking of maidens,' I trembled, 'we have Minnie and Maude—'

"'I'd forgotten 'em,' mused Tib. 'If they can lend a helping hand we might gain the beach and keep the foe guessing for an hour, and then win out.'

"'An hour!' I cried. 'Just time for two halves!'

"He grabbed me by my shoulders, sir, and gazed lovingly into my sparkling orbs. Then he lisped: 'My child, we'll start the first half now; and it's our kick-off.'

"'Nenook! Nenook!' howled the rabble, now garbed in a delirium tremens of bravado.

"The smoke is thicker,' I joyously reminded my companion, as he became absorbed in studying the dancing and advancing enemy.

"They can't be the regular Innuit article,' he murmured. 'They must be some half-caste people. The Simonpure Innuit hasn't any more temerity than a sage hen, except when tackling a bear.'

"They're bunching for a rush,' I yelled; and the clamor for Nenook was now so uproarious that I had to use my hands as a trumpet in order to reach Tib's dull ear.

"'Bring out the squad,' directed he. 'Have Rudolph play center.'

"And with our seven players in line, with Tib and me at quarter and halfback, we trailed around the corner and on to the Arctic gridiron and faced the would-be-champions. They had expected the bears, and, being used to that kind of trouble, were loaded with an antidote in the shape of bone-tipped spears. And yet the shaggy, orderly array puzzled them and puzzled that we were there for no parlor pastime. Seeing us come to a halt they foolishly assumed a massed formation, like a revolving wedge, and brusquely advanced to try us out.

"'Minnie!' cried Tib, and that blithe some lass began to make it de'fore the right, with the others agambling boyfully along behind. Well, sir, it simply swept the gang off its feet. It was all done so quickly and neatly that we'd flanked them before they saw a flash. Then Minnie halted and waited for us to form the line.

"Then the chief took a sip from his flagon and coughed out a signal, and the beggars speedily presented a new front and again prepared to rush. You see, we had an elegant chance to cut for the beach after the first end-play, but our players had been trained in the corral, where they were forced to halt after making 30 feet. So the benighted romps had absorbed the impression that ten yards was their limit on any one play. And, of course, Tib and I did not care to wander about on the beach alone while waiting for the sealer to arrive.

"What are we tarrying for now?' I cried, as the other line again approached, this time more rapidly, and seemingly oblivious to fear.

"'Minnie won't work twice in succession,' yelled Tib. 'Maude must come next, or they won't play. We taught 'em to alternate, and we mustn't try the left end until the crowd gets nearer.'

"As the last word was barked, Kinack's Prides were upon us, trying to buck the line. But when it came to plunging they were rotten; too light, you know. And say, sir, they ought to have been penalized 30 yards for treading on our center's toes and thrusting at the guards with their picklers.

"'All ready!' howled Tib, reaching between the center's feet to kick a study in oils on the nose. 'Maude!'

"And away they gambolled to the left in search of ten yards more of leeway. And Maude carried with her, sir, the bunch of deer-skin. You see, we had to fetch it along to give the bruins their cue. Bless their old hearts! It was all a game to them.

"But this play was attended by a beautiful melee, as we'd waited a few seconds too long, and as our guards had never lined up against even a scrub eleven before, and consequently were a bit dazed and rather puck on the defensive. However, they managed to break up the interference after a fashion, and finally, somewhat winded, we were one family again.

"But the captain of the Kinackers absorbed a pint of stimulus and I could see we were in for livelier doings. The first two plays had foozled 'em a trifle, but now they were up and ready and very wise. So far they had suffered no injury, thanks to our teaching the bears to use but little strength in anticipation of the college games to come. Ergo, they waxed confident and decided that Nenook had lost his medicine.

"They didn't seem to realize that their spear-work had excited the home team and that our right guard's ugly, dark-stained shoulder was a source of annoyance to him as he compared it with its silvery-white companion. But they got an itkling when a rash tackle from thier side ducked in and received a crack that sent him 30 feet. As our big boy handed out this bunch of sleep germs he turned in the middle of a growl and seemed to apologize to Minnie for his rudeness.

"But the jab had puzzled the poor beggar, and only Tib's shriek of approval kept him from chasing his man. And I jumped four feet on high just to pat his head. Then, perfectly reassured, he made a scythelike sweep and knocked a midget out of sight.

"We had now gained 20 yards, and still retained the ball. 'Play a saloon game,' begged Tib, prancing up and down behind Rudolph and studying the field.

"The visitors, still failing to appreciate that they had been working the wrong combination, now drew back long enough to toss up a few orisons to their tribal deity, and then came smash against our center before we could budge. Dear, dear! how foolish of them, sir, when they could have run the ends!

"'Boom-a-lacka! boom-a-lacka!' I howled, recalling a fragment of the old yell, while Tib spoiled an off-side play with his club and called on the left end again to lead off.

"But it was Rudolph's turn to score, and every bear knew it, and Maude wouldn't stir a peg. But they fought where they were just the same, and as each bear was now heavily laden with venomous activity, there was enough heathen fur clothing spoiled to keep a city's worthy poor as warm as toast all winter. Inside of six seconds twice as many of the foe were sent ricocheting in a variety of directions, and in 60 seconds we were pushing the whole crowd away. But they did not get clear before Rudolph, angry at missing his turn, got it through his thick

"Hello, Minnie!"

noodle that the other side was behaving like river-drivers. And to one off-side play he gathered four of the eyptian gee-strings and with a sleight o'-paw of satisfaction strained the collection to his bosom. When he discarded them over our heads they lay very still and their captain had to call in the substitutes.

"'Great game!' I panted, in the breathing space allowed by the Kinackers' retreat to the rum keg.

"'Got to keep moving, or they'll bag us yet,' bayled Tib. And our boys—now digging up a sulky streak, began buckoning energetically with their stout arms for their rivals to mix it up again, instead of waiting for our signals. You see, sir, we were in a tight place—we didn't dare leave our breastworks, and the squad was unwieldy to handle. The game, too, was vastly different from the merry practice in the corral, and the whole bunch were disgusted because their usual honorarium of fish was not forthcoming. Tib and I realized our lives depended on their keeping together, and we both worked overtime to tickle their vanity. But what saved us was the ball. Each nine-foot warrior had been taught to center his or her whole soul on that trifle, and true to their training they obeyed orders and refused to desert their colors.

"'They're coming!' I warned, as the mob of round forms waddled to a right-about face and cantered forward.

"'Keep close to Rudolph,' cautioned Tib. And then, 'Center! 4-11-44!' The numerals meant nothing, and were thrown in only for good measure.

"But at the familiar call Rudolph plunged forward to buck the advancing line with every other ounce of bear-flesh trailing on behind, with a fringe of paws cuffing at the sides to spoil interference, while Tib and I scuttled along between the two bulky lines. And I was overjoyed to see Maude emulate Rudolph's system and pluck a hostile right tackle out of his clothes with one neat sweep of her hooks.

"Tib and I tried to reach the brutes' close-set ears with expressions of praise, but they were well-nigh deafened by the hoarse clamor of their assailants and forgot for the moment they had been civilized. But that center-play, sir, brushed all records of strenuous endeavor to the background and, as Rudolph failed to remember the confines of the corral, we advanced to within 200 yards of the beach.

"Then, as we thought we were to have a breather and time to quiet our men, that happened which Tib and I had feared from the start. The heathens began to open up, preparatory to running the ends and flirting with us bipeds. The first dash came so near to netting Tib I decided the pennant was surely lost. You see, the dear, old furry idiots were again trying to remember our mottoes and maintain a life-lease on the leather; hence they were but mildly curious when six rum-inflamed full-backs sneaked in from the left and as a unit nailed my patron.

"I dented several fat faces with my club before a relay crew buckled on to me. Then I went to the mat, and the count had proceeded to nine before my leader could liberate his vocal organs sufficiently to gurgle, 'Down!' And then Gertrude, bless her! a demure little Miss of about twelve hundred pounds, playing left guard, wheeled and nearly finished us with her zeal to eliminate our encumbrances. But to collect the invaders you would have needed a large quantity of the best blotting paper. It required just two sweeps of Gertrude's powerful paw to dig us out of the debris.

"When once on our bowildered feet we saw that one end-rush had cost us dear. Our right guard would never play again. For the life of me, sir, I could not help but pause and rub his head as he tried to rise and take his old position. He closed one eye in passing out, as if saying: 'Great footwork, eh?' And there was a blur in my lamps as I dragged myself behind the faithful, shattered squad. The six of them still accepted in all as a game, you see, although perplexed by their neighbors' roughness.

"'Line up for the last half!' wheezed Tib, wiping the blood from his eyes. 'The sealer's in and dropping boats. One more scamper and we'll be clear.'

"'Nenook! Nenook!' hoarsely yowled the beggars, pointing exultantly at our prostrate guard.

"And say, I actually loved those gigantic, white sillies as they tossed back the challenge in six growls; and true blue to the last, all ranged up beside Rudolph, who, hugging the ball against his now brown breast, turned his foolish head to catch Tib's signal.

"And Tib, believing his players had lost tabs on whose turn it might be, cried, 'Center!' for the second time, and, sure enough, Rudolph, bowed his form and lunged ahead for another irresistible buck.

"The exchamps, however, catching sight of the approaching boats, no longer tried to run the ends, but to our great felicitation met us fair and square in one last, tremendous effort. As they closed in we enjoyed the worst scrimmage of the game. I'll confess, sir, the visitors played snappy ball and showed lots of ginger; and as our boys indulged in many a hearty nip and rake, they handed it back right smart. Why, even in that last moment they gave every promise of lugging home the cup.

"For the first few yards we tore down the shingle briskly and simply waded through the heavy underbrush of jabbing arms and kicking legs. Tib and I doing no real husky work, just staggering along. But as our players became more infuriated, and passed in the game to hold personal altercations, I surrendered my last hope.

"To accentuate our despair, just as we had nobly come to a standstill and Rudolph, busy cuffing a native, refused to heed the signals, we lost our left tackle, a promising young player, but a bit hot-headed.

"'Rudolph! Center!' again choked Tib.

"And dear, dear! if the old sport didn't turn his red eyes, stop gunning for pelts, grab up the ball and once more begin to plow ahead. And the other four loyally fell in behind and swung through the big hole he had made in the unsavory mass of alleged humanity. Thus did we come to the water's edge.

"And the enemy seeing the last half had been played scurried back to the boats somewhere up the coast.

"'How can we get those life-preservers aboard?' panted Tib, as he wrung the captain's hand.

"'Can't do it now,' bawled the captain, dancing in merriment as he nailed a retreating seven-hundred-dollar bunch of furs with a hatchet. 'The wind is again inshore, and we've not a second to lose if we'd save our hides and Liz.'

"So, after all, we had to leave the bears. But despite the scarcity of the minutes, we dragged ourselves to each and sorrowfully shook a paw in parting. As we gazed back from the sealer we saw them sitting in a row, the center still holding the ball, and we watched them until their huge, white coats melted slowly into the drifting veil of snow.

"In another week we were back again, but could find no bruins.

"But up there somewhere in the eternal cold is a fraction of Alaska's first eleven, ready to face all comers. I often see them in my mind's eye stanchly standing off a gang of natives; and although their old trainer's voice will direct their plays no more, I can see them pegging down with ponderous energy the championship of the Arctic Circle. And do you know, sir, I've often wondered if in their wanderings they affectionately tote about that absurd wad of deer-skin; and if, on pleasant days, they indulge in a little quiet practice in memoriam of their first coach. At least, I know they are loyal to one another, and, mayhap to-night are forming up for the last game. And if, perchance, only one of the rugged quintet remains, I have no doubt but he will go down gamely, with only a few yards to gain.

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The Road to Arcady.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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"How very extraordinary!" said Christopher Kent. He sat up and surveyed the red covered cart drawn by a very plump pony but had stopped by the side of the road.

A girl in a smart costume of tan covert climbed down from the front seat and led the pony out of the shafts, tied him with a long tether so that he might crop the juicy sod and then, returning once more to the cart helped a somewhat fragile but spelling lady to descend.

"Well, of all things," said Christopher helplessly.

But words failed him as he watched the further proceedings of the girl in tan.

From the depths of the cart she brought forth a little folding table, which she proceeded to set up in a place screened from the gaze of passing folk by a hedge of wild honeysuckle.

On the table the girl set a shining copper kettle, two cups, two plates, a small teapot and various tin boxes and little glass jars, whose gay labels proclaimed the delectableness within.

"It's a picnic," the young man decided, and as the older lady lighted the alcohol flame and it burned beneath the copper kettle Chris grew elated.

In ten minutes he was due at the Sunset Inn for his supper. He would eat it with the rest of the surveying party of which he was the head. They would have fried ham and boiled potatoes and pie, and the only woman would be the girl who waited on the table and who was big and frouzy and stupid.

And here within a stone's throw of where he lay under the great oak were two ladies making tea as daintily as if they lived in the drawing room.

He laid down his book. "It's a romantic situation," he reflected, "and the best of it is I see no way to evade it." With that he stepped jauntily into the open.

He saw the girl lift her head and look at him and as he went toward her she rose and came forward.

"I am so glad," she said; "to see some one who will tell me if there is a place near here where I can get oats for my pony. I gave him the last this morning."

"I was just coming," Christopher replied gravely, "to find if there was anything I could do for you. It is an unusual circumstance, I might say a great treat, to see ladies up here. I felt that I must offer the hospitality of the mountain road: the keys of our city, as it were."

The girl gave him a quick glance, feeling the strength of the tall figure and his air of good breeding. "I am sure," she said, "that you are very kind, and now if you will tell me your name I will present you to my mother, Mrs. Ames."

The older lady acknowledged the introduction genially.

"You must stay and have tea with us," she said. "I am afraid we can't offer you much but tinned things. But they are really good, and Eleanor was able to get some eggs and some lettuce this morning, so she is going to have a salad and make an omelet in the chafing dish."

"Then your picnic has been an all day affair?" was Christopher's question.

"It has been the affair of two months," Mrs. Ames said, with a smile. "We live in the cart."

"You live"— Words failed the young man as he looked at the two gentle women, each with the little shade scheming that proclaims the sheltered woman.

It seemed incredible that these should trust themselves alone in the mountain wilds with their pony and their tiny little cart.

But the daughter was explaining smilingly. "We lost everything," she said, "in the peach blight last fall. And mother's health failed at the same time. The doctor said that she must have the mountain air, and we had the pony—he was a pet from my little girl days—so we bought the cart and started on a trip of adventure."

"We have been on the road two months and haven't had a single uncomfortable experience. Mother has gained ten pounds, and we have had a lovely time."

"But isn't it a bit dangerous?" Kent asked.

"We were a little scared at first," Eleanor admitted, "especially at night. There was always an owl to hoot or a dog to howl or a frog to croak, but after we got used to it we slept like babies."

Kent shook his head. "There's a pretty tough class among the miners up here. It's different lower down, where you come in touch only with agricultural communities. But some of these men are very ignorant and very rough."

"Please," the girl cautioned, "please don't tell us about them. We want to reach the top of the mountain, and I am not a bit afraid."

She was making the omelet as she talked, turning it expertly with a thin knife and taking it up when it was puffy and brown.

"It is a food fit for the gods," Kent commented when she had served it with the salad and cream cheese and crackers.

"If you only knew," he continued, "how good it seems to eat once more of the food of civilization. You should see the cooking we have at the Sunset Inn."

"This is the food of Arcady," Eleanor told him. "Mother and I call this the perfect land. And tomorrow we shall reach the heights!"

The way she said it thrilled Kent with a new emotion. How beautiful she was with the dreams in her eyes!

"You must let me watch over you while you are here," he said after a silence. "I am afraid some of these half savage foreigners may make it unpleasant when they know you are unprotected."

But Eleanor would not hear of it. "Indeed we are safe," she protested. "Every one we meet has treated us with fine courtesy."

But he was not convinced, and all that night he slept on the ground within calling distance of the red cart.

The next day the pony drew the red cart to the top of the mountain, and there the ladies set up a permanent camp, facing the sunset, with the valley street lying far below them.

Every day Christopher climbed the forest road, talking with him some times a fish that he had caught in the stream or a brace of birds to be broiled over the fire.

And always the two lonely women welcomed him, Mrs. Ames frankly and Eleanor with a drowning shyness that gave him hope.

"I have had a bit of good fortune," he told the girl one morning eagerly. "My uncle has written that when I go back in December I am to have a part interest in his business. It means a big income and a settled place for life."

"And you won't come again to the mountain?" she asked.

"No, my work will be done in town. She sat very still, looking off over the valley. "Poor mountain!" she said. "It's lonely. It will be when we are gone and the winter comes."

She shivered a little. "It's such a gray October day," she added.

"What are your plans?" he questioned.

"Mine? Oh, I don't know!" a little drearily. "When I can leave mother I will go to work. In the meantime we will live with a distant cousin."

It was on his tongue to tell her how he loved her, but he felt that this was not the time or the place. Here he must be her protector, not her lover.

That night he could not sleep, and at last he rose and looked out of the window. The wind moaned and sighed in the trees, the moon was over past. Far away Somewhere in the distance he heard a drunken song. As he listened the song grew fainter. Some of the miners were going up the mountain.

He dressed hurriedly and followed. As he came near the little camp he heard the snarl of angry voices mingled with Eleanor's clear tones.

"You taint let the pony alone," she said, "at once."

Then, as the whistle of a lash cut the air, she spoke again. "If you don't let him alone," she said, "I'll shoot."

Christopher came into the circle of the firelight on a run. A half dozen swarthy men were grouped about the pony. Within the tent cowered Mrs. Ames. Eleanor stood on the back step and pointed her pistol straight at the snarling crowd.

She was enveloped in a long rain coat, and her hair was braided into two long golden ropes. She looked like a child, with her white face and slight figure, and when she saw Christopher she swayed toward him.

"Oh, make them go away!" she cried helplessly, and the pistol dropped from her nerveless hand.

The men turned and saw him, and at the sight of his set face they at once began apologies. "We just wanted to have some fun with the pony," they said. But he waved them away. "I'll deal with you later," he said, and they slunk away in the shadows.

Then Christopher went to the girl who was bending over her mother. The older woman revived immediately in the comfort of a strong man's presence. "I was very silly," she said, "but they looked such brutes."

Eleanor made some coffee under the trees, and when Kent had carried a cup to Mrs. Ames, who was still in the tent, he came back and issued orders.

"I am going to drive you down into the valley," he said. "You and your mother must spend the night at one of the farmhouses."

"But"— Eleanor protested.

"There are no buts," he told her. "You are to obey," and he smiled down at her.

The light from the dying fire showed the tenderness in his strong face, and seeing it, she said "Oh!" with indrawn breath.

"Dear heart," he murmured, "just once say I must obey. But if you will promise to love and honor always we might make a marriage service of it tomorrow. There's a little church in the valley, and I know the minister."

"You are doing it just to take care of me," she said, flushing.

He took her hand in his. "I am doing it because I love you," he said. "Shall we find the little church, Eleanor?"

"Oh, who would have believed that the road to Arcady led there?" she whispered, with a wonderful light in her eyes.

Fatal Abstraction.

History tells how Archimedes the Great, while busily engaged in tracing geometric figures in the sand in his home city, Syracuse, forgetful of the fact that the city was besieged and all the inhabitants in danger of being slaughtered by the Romans, was speared by the victorious foemen, who had forced their entrance. Archimedes perished. And Plato was near to death on account of his abstraction. While walking forth one evening, his eyes fixed on the stars, his mind busy at solving some celestial problem that occupied it, he fell into a well, from which he was extricated with difficulty.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Lucky Number.

The byways as well as the highways of church life furnish much in the way of wit and humor. What, for instance, could be more mirth provoking than the naive confession of the cook of a London vicar who, being allowed to choose a hymn for the family prayers, was complimented on her choice by the vicar's wife?

"What a nice hymn you chose!" said the latter to the cook.

"Yes, mum; it's the number of my policeman."

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do and are only virtuous in prospective!—Eliot.

Humor

THEY ROPED HIM IN.

And Thereby the Business Man Was Taught a Lesson.

The business man who owns two dogs made a sad mistake a few days ago. Every Sunday he takes the dogs for a walk, and for fear that they may go astray he fastens them together with a stout rope. The little dog, he feels assured, will not lose the big dog, and he is quite positive that the big dog will not lose the little one. Of course if the big dog takes it into his massive head that he wants to go in a certain direction he is pretty apt to have his way. Luckily he is an easily persuaded animal, and the little dog by the exercise of some diplomacy gets fully as much fun out of these promenades as the big fellow.

Well, all three of the friends were out walking Sunday, the two dogs and the master, and the dogs were some distance ahead. The snow was drifted deep in places, and the master determined to turn and go back. He whistled for the dogs.

The big dog whirled around. He saw his master had stopped and instantly came full tilt toward him. The small dog was taken by surprise and for a few moments could not regain his footing. When he did he put in some full running. They came down on the master at a stiff gallop.

As they approached their speed increased, the little dog at the end of the rope running for dear life. Just as they reached the master they separated, the little dog going around him to the right and the big dog to the left, the six feet of stout rope held taut between them.

When the master gathered himself out of the snowdrift and blew the flakes from his mouth and dug them from his ears and rescued his hat and brushed off a little of the more sticky mass, he started for home with one shivering hand grasping the rope, the dogs demurely trotting along on either side.

Hereafter he will either shorten the rope or else get behind a convenient tree the next time he whistles.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Parsimonious.

"Never mind," say the lawyers to the malefactor of great wealth after the jury has found him guilty and the judge has pronounced sentence upon him in scathing words—"never mind, we can take an appeal in this case, and if it goes against us in the court of appeals we can get a writ of error and a habeas corpus and a mandamus and an injunction and so on until"—

"Excuse me, gentlemen," says the malefactor of great wealth, "I have concluded to pay my fine and serve my sentence. I figure that your fees would be a great deal more than my time and money to pay the penalty are worth."

"Stingy?" hiss the lawyers, filing out and drinking bitter thoughts about the economical traits that have enabled their client to build up his fortune.—Chicago Post.

What Pat Said.

A woman fell from a ferryboat crossing over to Camden the other day, and a burly Irishman sprang over and rescued her. When she was safely landed on the dock her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a quarter.

Some of the bystanders expressing their indignation, Pat said: "Arrah, don't blame the gentleman—he knows best. Perhaps if I hadn't saved her he'd have given me a dollar."

Disillusionment.

The goals of life are rarely reached;
The hopes of life are vain.
I set about to get a watch
And only got a chain.
—Browning's Magazine.

Unimportant.

The captain of a certain yacht had evinced an anxiety touching a mishap to the craft that at once attracted the attention of a fair passenger on board.

"What's the trouble, captain?" asked she.

"The fact is, ma'am," was the response, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under the water nearly all the time no one will notice that it's gone."—Harper's Weekly.

Inertia.

"Well," said Mr. Staylate for the fourth time, "I must be going."

"What a queer delusion!" replied Miss Patience Bourne. "You're really quite stationary."—Philadelphia Press.

Oh, Maymel

Maymie (reading an old book in which "s" looks like "f")—This heroine is just perfectly lovely—but, say, she must have lisped something awful.—Kansas City Times.

They Were Not Encouraged.

"I don't see why that young man doesn't propose."

"I think, pa, that the chances of his doing it would be fully as good if you wouldn't leave your boxing gloves around where he can see them."—Bohemian Magazine.

IN THE HURLY BURLY.

Gotta stand een Walla street,
But beez'ness don'ta pay,
For no wan here got time for eat,
So I gon' move 'way,
Grand, reech men dey hurry past
Een sunshine, een da rain,
An', oh, dey go so fast, so fast,
Eet geeve my headda pain,
I gotta tree' fruit for sal'
You findin' anywhere,
But steel I mighta live' as wal
He dead for wat dey care,
Eet's only wan cheesy here I love—
Those birds dat feed een street,
I'm goin' you mobbie call dem "dove."
Eh? "Pigeon?" Yes, dat's eet.
All day dey fly about my stand,
An' som' of dem I mak'
For justa seet upon my hand
An' eatin nut an' cak',
But scroll da Mericans go by
An' never look at me,
Dey got so strange look een da eye,
I wondra wat dey see.
Wance only was dere wan so good
An' glad to stop een street
An' throw dose pretta birds som' food
An' wait for watch dem eat.
"Ah, here," I theenk, "sees grazida man"
But pretta soon I see
Eet's justa cuz I'm a Mericana—
So drunk as he can be.
So I am mock weeth Walla street,
For beez'ness don'ta pay,
Eet's no wan here got time for eat,
So I gon' move 'way.
—T. A., July in Catholic Standard and Times.

A Knock For Pups.

Sailor—Say, I want to be my son-in-law, d'ye see?

Sailor—Can't say that I do, but I want to marry your daughter, and I suppose there's no way to avoid it.—Chips.

Last They Suspect.

A French duel was about to be fought off.

"Help me remove my coat," said one of the principals to his faithful seconds.

They took away his coat.

"Now my vest and my shirt."

They took away his vest and shirt.

"But dear friend," said one of the seconds solemnly, "your improvidence in wearing such a severe chill. You are shaking like a leaf, and your teeth are chattering."

"Hush!" whispered the principal "This isn't a chill—it's fear. I do but wish to let what the other fellows think is a chill. That's why I took off my clothes."

A little later there were apologies all around, and everybody went home with his own skin.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why She Couldn't Think of It.

"Why," asked the manager, "don't you want this part? It is just the thing for you. It will give you a chance to make the greatest hit of your life. You will have some of the cleverest lines I ever read, and there will be a fine chance to exhibit your emotional powers."

"Yes," replied the actress who for fifteen years had been regarded as one of the most beautiful women on the American stage, "but the costumes I should have to wear would give me no chance to show that I have during the past six months reduced my weight more than forty pounds."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Though He Was Speaking of His Rival.

He—Could you marry a man, my dear Maude, whom you knew to be your inferior in every way, a man with no snap, no go to him, no energy, no past to speak of, no present, no future to hope for, devoid of more than ordinary brains, a mollycoddle and a—

She—My dear George, what is the use of beating about the bush in this way? I could, and, what is more, I will, for in spite of all I love you, dear.—Harper's Weekly.

Matter of Duty.

Shopper—What makes these goods so expensive?

Clerk—The duty, ma'am.

Shopper—Oh, then they are imported?

Clerk—No; they are domestic goods, but the proprietor thinks it his duty to increase his bank balance.—Chicago News.

Juvenile Philosophy.

"Young man," said a father to his precocious son and heir, aged seven, "here's where I pay you that whipping I owe you."

"That ain't fair, dad," protested the youngster. "You never pay anybody else that you owe, and I don't see why you should make a preferred creditor of me."—Detroit Tribune.

A Distinct Loss.

"I suppose," said the grouchy old man, "it wouldn't worry you very much if there wasn't any such thing as soap in the world?"

"Sure it would," replied the dirty little urchin. "'cause den dey wouldn't be no soap boxes ter make bonfires wid."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Filial Consideration.

"Aren't you afraid you are paying more attention to athletics than to your books?" said one college youth.

"I've got to," answered the other, "so that when I go home I can talk about something that will interest father."—Washington Star.

Familiar With One Kind.

The Lawyer—Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?

The Witness—Well, I know the oaths of my husband are extremely ill natured.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Light and Hope.

Even in evil, that dark cloud which hangs over the creation, we discern rays of light and hope and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimest purposes of wisdom and love.—Channing.

DIKES IN GERMANY.

They Are Built With Great Care and Exactness.

When a dike is to be built—and they are still in places making dikes—it is first mapped out by the neatly sharpened stakes, a long straight causeway leading out from shore and widening into a rounded head which abuts on the red line of the channel. Then a ground sill or foundation mattress of willows is woven and sunk at this head and pinned down and held in place by the sharpened pegs. Then wattles are woven and sand filled in, and in places rock, and then, rounding up partly out of the water and forming a tight covering to the whole, the hand squared blocks of stone are laid, as closely as a city pavement, all over this head and back along the neck to the old shore. It is as permanent and stable as the Harvard studium, the dike so built, and the river, abandoning the space back of the tip to slack water or to be filled in with sand, flows on with entire grace in the restricted channel beyond the tip.

The care and exactness with which these dikes are made would be laughable if it were not so successful. In a land where hand labor is very cheap days are devoted to doing what in America would be roughly cast by machinery in one or two hours. But the result is so admirable that one remembers regretfully the ugly pile dikes, the horrid fringes of the improved "off channel" banks of the Mississippi.

Where the dikes have accomplished their purpose and generally on the banks parallel to them the river is revetted [illegible]. This, too, is done with the hand squared stones, and it results in [illegible] where confined [illegible] broad canal between single lined banks, the stone rising a few feet above the water and above it the green slope of the fields or a fringe of willows. It is all peaceful, complete and generally beautiful, with at least the beauty of utility where it kicks dust of ruggedness and wildness.—Boston Transcript.

GILA MONSTER'S BITE.

The Reptile Turns Over to Get Venom Into Its Victim.

It was his turning over habit that led her to the discovery as to the life of the Gila monster. This creature, more like a short, stocky snake with legs on than anything else, has no fool fangs, like the rattlesnake, yet his bite may be just as dangerous. His poison teeth are in his lower jaw, and the poison comes from a gland under the tongue. If he bites without turning over the wound is not serious, but if he turns over there is great danger.

Dr. Snow of the University of Kansas wrote me some time ago of an experience he had with the bite of a Gila monster.

The reptile was caught and put in a bucket, the top of which was covered with paper. The bucket was then put in the wagon in which the doctor was driving. As the road was somewhat rough, the bucket was bounced up and down, and in order to steady it Dr. Snow put his hand behind him and took hold of the bucket, thrusting his fingers through the newspaper cover on its top so that he could hold it secure. Suddenly he felt the monster's grip on his fingers. Startled and somewhat alarmed, he carefully pried the jaws of the reptile open and released himself. The wounds were such as any ordinary bite would have made, and he suffered no more inconvenience than might have been expected.

There are many stories current in Arizona and Sonora as to deaths that have occurred from Gila monsters' bites, but it is hard to get at the facts. Careful experiments made with animals show that when the reptile bites and turns over, so that the poison flows down the tooth grooves into the wound, the bitten creatures die in a short time.—Suburban Life.

A Dead Bird.

Samuel Butler, the witty but eccentric author of "Erewhon," which means "Nowhere," and of many other remarkable and suggestive books, is now more read than during his lifetime. He died in 1902. He one of his notebooks he tells this incident, which must have amused the great Charles Darwin:

"Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage when a little boy and girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute.

"'That bird's dead,' said the little girl. 'Come along.'"

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